

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER



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RED HICKS (ALIAS WM. JOHNSON) SUPPOSED TO HAVE MURDERED CAPT. HURR, OLIVER WATTS AND SMITH WATTS ON BOARD THE SLOOP E. A. JOHNSON, IN THE LOWER BAY.—SEE PAGE 299.

JACKALOW, THE CHINESE SAILOR, SUPPOSED TO HAVE MURDERED CAPT. LESLIE AND BROTHER ON BOARD THE SLOOP SPRAY.—SEE PAGE 288.



SCOOP SPRAY, ON BOARD OF WHICH CAPT. LESLIE AND HIS BROTHER ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY THE CHINAMAN, JACKALOW, AS SHE IS NOW SEEN OFF THE BATTERY.—SEE PAGE 288.

THE SPRAY MYSTERY.

FOLLOWING directly upon the news of the E. A. Johnson murder, we are informed of another of those horrible mysteries which make the heart shudder to think of. The particulars, in brief, are as follows: Captain Webb, of the schooner Thomas E. French, states that on the 21st ult., when four miles north of Barnegat, he picked up a yawl-boat containing a Chinaman, who stated that he was one of the crew of the sloop Spray, which vessel had been so badly damaged by a collision with another sloop that she sank in fifteen minutes, taking down with her the captain, named Leete, and his brother. Captain Webb brought the Chinaman to Jersey City, who, as soon as he arrived at the dock, jumped ashore and escaped.

The captain of the Lucinda, the vessel which came in contact with the Spray, says that when the collision took place he saw no other person than the Chinaman on board, who refused to seek safety on board the Lucinda. The captain also states that the deck of the Spray was strewn with bedding and various other articles, shewing that the cabin had been overhauled and its contents scattered on deck. He attributes the collision to the carelessness or malice of the Chinaman, as had the Spray been properly managed the occurrence might have been avoided.

Much difficulty was found in getting trace of the fugitive, and no trace of him could be found until a conductor and brakeman on the Morris and Essex cars gave information to the authorities that they had seen a Chinaman of that description near the Hackensack Bridge. The officers at once started in pursuit. The Chinaman, whose name is Jackalow, was arrested and brought to Jersey City by four persons named John Sanford, Henry Wilson, William Jacobus and John Douglas, who were engaged at work on the railroad bridge. At Jersey City the prisoner was searched by policeman George W. Clark, when upon his person were found secreted three hundred and ninety-six dollars and eighty cents, of which three hundred and twenty-seven dollars was in gold. He had on two shirts, and the money was found wrapped up in a stocking strapped around his waist and next to his body. The prisoner was safely lodged in the station-house in Jersey City, from where he was removed by the Deputy Marshal to Newark, for trial before the United States Court. On Tuesday, our reporter, accompanied by two of our artists, visited the prisoner in his cell. Jackalow made no objection to allowing the artist to take a sketch of him, but behaved himself in a very quiet and orderly manner. During the conversation, our reporter asked him if he was not very sorry for what he had done.

"Yes," answered he, "me very sorry." Then seemingly as if suddenly aware that he might have committed himself, exclaimed, "No, me no do nothing, other sloop strike bows—capsize—captain fall in water."

Being informed by the Marshal that Jackalow read his Bible, our reporter said, "Johnny, do you know who God is?" pointing upward. "Yes," said the Chinaman, "me know God." "Then you will not lie; tell me, why did you do so much wrong?" "Oh, me no like to tell—me no do no wrong—me very sorry for captain."

A few other questions were asked, and our correspondent turned to leave, but Jackalow called him back and whispered, "What you think, they hang me in the yard?" Our reporter told him yes.

"Then," said he, much affected, and pointing at a pin in Mr. R.'s scarf with a miniature white skull on it, "me head soon be like dat; but you come see me again soon; I like you, you talk very kind to me—ch, I very sorry for poor captain—he very good to me—you come again?"

Several times he asked the question whether he would be hung or not, seeming afraid that such would be his fate.

One marked peculiarity will strike every observant visitor to Jackalow—the look of positive treachery which flashes out of his eyes. Otherwise there is nothing remarkable in his appearance. The prisoner is rather short, being about five feet four inches high, rather slenderly built, is generally cheerful, and only seems sad when informed by visitors of their doubts as to his release. He is thirty-nine years of age, not bad-looking for a Chinaman, and is a native of an island in the China Sea. Dr. Spalding, in his account of the Japan Expedition, relates that one evening the attention of the crew of the Mississippi was attracted by a Chinaman rushing down to the boat, pursued by a number of his countrymen, who seemed bent on taking his life. He was received on board the vessel, and for the nine months he was on board, he behaved with so much propriety as to secure the good opinion of all. He has been visited by one of the officers of the Mississippi and been recognized. Since then he has been in the employ of Captain Leete, with whose master he now stands charged. He is a Loo-Chooisp. The sloop Spray is now at the Battery, where hundreds of curiosity-seekers daily visit her.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

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Foreign News.

THE last accounts from Europe are encouraging for Italian Freedom. The Central American States have voted annexation by an overwhelming majority—Bologna giving twenty-one thousand six hun-

red and thirty-four for annexation to Piedmont, and two votes for remaining a portion of the Pope's dominion. We may, therefore, consider their incorporation with Sardinia as a fact. Savoy and Nice are to be given to France, and as England does not seem inclined to offer any serious opposition to the plan, the rest of Europe may probably protest, and then the matter will rest. In order to soothe Austria, Louis Napoleon had threatened to withdraw the French army if Victor Emanuel accepted Romagna and Tuscany, but M. Thouvenel has assured Lord Cowley that the Emperor was glad of England insisting upon the right of the Italians to choose their own rulers, since it absolved him from his Villafranca and Zurich engagements. Naples was in a very unsettled state. The arrival of the British fleet in the Bay of Naples had greatly excited the populace. Part of the fleet was in the inner bay and part in the outer one. It is rumored that Austria has assured Prussia that although she has nothing to say against the absorption of Savoy, yet she was ready to join her forces to Prussia should the Rhine be threatened. The Moors had been repulsed in a desperate assault on Tetuan. The war was severely trying the finances of Spain. It may, however, have the effect of rousing the country of the Cid, instead of bleeding it to death. Austria had greatly increased her forces in Venetia. Everything threatened a renewal of war.

Murder by the Community.

Our city has again witnessed one of those tremendous calamities which in actual agony are exactly on a par with the roasting alive of victims at the stake by Indians. We are not certain that the mental agony of those who perished at the tenement-house burning on Wednesday night was not more tormenting, in its dreadful uncertainty between escape and being crushed, burned or suffocated, than if they had positively known that speedy death was before them. In plain terms, for the second time within a few months, this Christian, refined, virtuous, and very Sabbath-keeping community of ours, has seen human beings die in agony by the dozen, simply because its "moral enterprise" does not interfere with murder in the way of investment of capital. It has a great deal to say to sinners of a twopenny caste, and can legislate and bore and even "omnibus" bills in defiance of common honesty and decency to punish them. But it does nothing against black murder. "That is not in our department."

In the tenement-houses which have been destroyed by fire in this city, there was in every instance a case of wholesale murder, of infamous atrocity, lying cut and dried for months or years right before the noses of those gentlemen who profess to be active in heading offinuity. The press, without exception, had exposed the abuse a hundred times, and been abused for its trouble by those interested, which is the degree of thanks usually awarded the fourth estate for its "meddling exposures." And there it rested till the match of the incendiary or the misplaced candle of some boozey sot touched off the rotten, tinder-like timber, and the flames in a few minutes swept over the crazy mass of dens which selfishness and meanness of a truly devilish kind had piled together, to gain a good percentage on misery, foulness and all manner of human horrors, to be crowned in all likelihood by the most awful of deaths. Mothers and children were roasted alive because the "enterprising" and "economical" proprietor had not provided, we do not say a staircase, but so much as a cheap ladder for exit from a house which seemed built to be burned.

We believe that in days to come these sins of negligence, this contemptible and dastardly passing over villainies like this which are tolerated, because, forsooth, they form a part of the great idolatry of "business," will be urged against this age as torture by the rack and burning alive for freedom of thought are now regarded by us. But there will be this difference observed, that while the men of old tortured and murdered those whom they deemed had been active in injuring them, we tamely suffer the vile speculator in lives to burn women and little children and those who have done no harm.

Again, the toleration in our city of these death-traps, these foul and rotten dens, affords an argument to those who do not reason on the matter against making any philanthropic effort at all to provide decent and cheap communal homes for the poor. The iniquity of these horrible homes, in which poverty, innocence, crime and every horror find shelter, invited thither by landlords who would give shelter to imps of darkness themselves for money, has brought the very name of tenement-houses into disrepute. And all this—murder and crime, and nameless misery in countless forms, crowned by a death of fire, whose only wonder is that it did not come sooner—is tolerated and grinded over by selfish speculators, and is not made the subject of indignant action and prompt legislation and of general reprobation. How should it—who would be so wicked in our virtuous community as to believe there can really be anything very wicked in a "first-rate investment?"

The Laborers and their Hire.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Times very properly calls attention to the generally prevalent injustice of claiming the services of physicians, chemists, or any "experts" in criminal and other trials, without allowing them a proper compensation. The law which allows a moderate daily sum to a juryman, gives it in equity as a minimum—it being generally understood that it is the pay for a common laborer, and not for one whose time is far more valuable. Let it be supposed that during some highly important criminal trial in which the life of a fellow-creature is at stake, it appears that only the skill of some physician or other man of science, resident in another State, is able to definitely decide the point in question. Does any one doubt that the testimony should be obtained and properly rewarded, cost what it may, and that the law should be so framed as to meet the case in every such instance? How far the law is at present from meeting the exigencies of such cases, may be inferred from the following illustration:

"It is but a few years since that the issue of a law case in this City turned upon the healthiness or deleterious character of swill milk, and there was but one man in New York capable by study to testify respecting it, and his testimony decided the case. For three days waiting upon the Court, with a fine of \$250 hanging over him in case of neglect, and testifying upon a matter with which he had nothing to do, save as having a scientific knowledge of it, he received three days pay, a total of \$1.50."

There is something really pitiful in such a consideration, as that the law, the head of all dignity and justice should stand in the position of a beggar, or rather of a thief, since it can compel attendance in many cases of men who give unwilling service for inadequate payment. As regards jorneys it is notorious that the present system has the effect of placing in judgment numbers of men who should never be in a court-room except as prisoners, while their superiors—men of science, and above all in integrity, too frequently contrive to shirk duty. If there were something like a fair scale

of prices for jury labor, the value of justice would be very materially increased.

And to this we may add, that there should be no such thing as unpaid-for service permitted under any circumstances whatever. A remarkable proportion of the rascality which goes on in corporations of every description, is covered over in the consciences of the rascals by the balmy reflection, "I receive nothing for my services." Perhaps nine-tenths of the money stolen in this country is taken by men who thus fortify themselves with the reflection that they labor hard without being paid for it. And we may say by the way that there is far too much admiration and encouragement of those individuals whose boast it is that they "will not take one penny for their services." Wealthy Mr. Dives on a committee makes this boast and refuses to be paid that he may be puffed up, and poor Lazarus on the same committee must of course resign his little but greatly coveted compensation, because forsooth Dives has done so! It is no diminution of a man's merit that having worked well he receives a fair compensation for it. So far as setting a good example is concerned, or so far as discrediting a custom which is made the pretext for much thievery in question, he better acts the part of a good citizen by taking pay than by declining it. If a man is desirous of really serving a cause he can generally do so, either from his pocket or otherwise, without giving it unrewarded labor. And in a great proportion of cases where those serving gratis do not actually steal, there is often at the bottom either a vile affectation of not caring for reward, or a deeply calculating vanity, which in this country generally takes the form of hoping to make credit and capital out of the "magnanimous dodge."

There is no earthly employment, be it that of legislator, jurymen, vestryman, or any other laborer for the public good, which should not be paid for fairly and squarely. No man should be allowed to do anything for nothing, and public opinion, were it perfectly sound and not warped by diseased sentiment, would not admire any man for offering to break down one of the greatest principles of political economy. We will venture to say that were the principle of fair compensation fully carried out, the country would be more honestly served than it is, and even the widow and orphan robbers who burrow in Trusts and Banks and the like would diminish in numbers. There is always a little conscience in man, and thieves diminish precisely in proportion as they lose their pretexts for dishonesty.

City Railroads as they ought to be.

SINCE New York seems to be in a fair way to be stretched like St. Lawrence on a gridiron, it is but right, we think, that our city should follow the example of that martyr and request that the gridironing may be done properly, and in modern parlance, "on the square." It is said of St. Lawrence that his sense of equity and justice was so delicate, that finding his tormentors were letting him roast "all of one side," he gently reminded them that good cookery required an occasional turn. This is just what we want of our gridironers. We don't want the matter to be done with exclusive reference to one side, and to the utter neglect of the other. In other words we wish it to be remembered that there is a party called the public, whose interests and convenience should be consulted and provided for quite as much as the holders of railroad stock.

If any undertaking is profitable enough to be successful, it should also be profitable enough to devote a percentage of its annual increase to the benefit of all who aid in upholding it. The merchant as he grows richer ought to increase the recompense of all associated with him, and a railroad company, if endowed with common decency and a grain of public spirit, should make its cars and general arrangements more profitable if it does cost something. But that anything of this spirit of decency and liberality pervades the management of the city passenger roads of New York is emphatically untrue. Their gains have increased, they are stuffing the half dimes into their treasures by the peck, and far from showing any gratitude to their customers, they act as unprincipled quacks are said to do, and deteriorate the quality of what they sell, because, forsooth, the heavy expenses of starting and advertising being accounted, the wares "will sell just as well" as if they were good! "was a reproach to the hogs of old in the fable that they stuffed themselves with acorns without so much as looking up to the tree whence they fell. Our city railroads give us a more contemptible instance of ingratitude than did the pigs in question, for after stuffing themselves they proceed to wantonly injure the tree.

In short, it is time that all city cars should be made fit to ride in. We are tired of unlimited cramming. The man who pays for a seat should have a seat, and the fact be distinctly and clearly established. There should be arms or rails in every car between every seat—a matter involving very little extra expense and no extra room whatever. If a railroad has so many customers that some are obliged to stand, it should provide extra cars for them as it can always very well afford to do. There is no room for argument in this matter. If five cents is not enough—which it is abundantly—let six be charged, but let us hear no more of these preposterous falsehoods, that companies whose cars which are crammed every day like mackerel barrels "cannot afford" to run extra vehicles.

The standing-up system as tolerated is a great wrong, firstly to the standers-up, who ought to be accommodated with extra cars, and secondly to those sitting down, who have no desire to have legs squeezing against their knees, or coat tails in their faces, or to have their passage in and out impeded in the present scandalous manner. If streets are to be so cut up by railroads as to make omnibus trams more of a torment than ever, it should be only under the express understanding that something better shall be substituted for the old method of transit. What we have said has been with special reference to the present discreditable, miserable and narrow-minded policy of our own city roads. But as it is evident that there will be in a few years similar roads in hundreds of inland cities, we suggest to our contemporaries that they take the subject up sometimes, and see that the speculating gentry are compelled to consult the comfort of the public as well as their own little interests. They should be compelled to keep the pavement of the streets through which they run in perfect order all the year through, or to be more explicit, in just such order as the Sixth avenue is not at present, nor likely to be in for a long time to come.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The Spanish papers say that when the Spaniards had captured Tetuan they forced the Moors to work to clean the city, an operation which had not taken place for three centuries. Let us hope that in the event of our going to war with Spain the city of New York may fall into the hands of the Spaniards—that is just enough to give them time to clean the city. Our Moors, or biggers should be made to do it.

That clever and spicy paper, the *Daily News*, says, "If Milton had lived a New York we are certain he would have introduced in his description of the

unpleasant capital of Satan the disagreeable vicissitudes of mud and dust, these plagues of poor Getham." Milton's Pandemonium and Dante's Inferno must be pleasant places to our Empire City. The reason is that the rival cities are not ruled by Aldermen. In those refuge they are the scavengers. It seems as though we never were to have comfortable walking. Some years ago Russ, with his pavement, so tortured us that a poet wrote,

"Hell's paved with good intentions; what a muss."

There'd be below if it were paved with Ru's."

Mayor Wood, in his very clever speech at Norwalk, brought his Joe Miller gun into play. He said:

"It is indeed a beautiful rivalry—Seward versus Corwin—Corwin versus Seward! The contest reminds me of an anecdote of two drunken friends, whom I will call Bill and Tom, who were room-mates, but they occupied different beds. Bill's sleeping apparatus was so situated that he could get in on either side. One night Bill and Tom had been out, and, on returning, which they did near morning, were considerably elevated. However, they walked up to their room with an air that seemed to say, 'not so very darned drunk, after all,' and sought long and patiently for matches and lamp. After knocking the pitcher off the washstand and smashing the looking-glass, they finally gave up the search and went to bed, but owing to the darkness and confusion of their senses they made a slight mistake. In short, Bill's bed had the honor of receiving the two friends—Tom getting in on one side and his friend rolling in on the other.

"I say, Bill," cried Tom, touching somebody's calf, "there's a fellow in my bed!"

"Wonderful coincidence!" exclaimed Bill, feeling a strange elbow in the region of his ribs, "there's somebody in my bed, too."

"Is there, though?" cried Tom, "let's kick 'em out."

"Agreed," said Bill.

And accordingly the two friends began to kick. It lasted about a minute and a half, and Bill was sprawling on the floor; Tom was left in possession of the bed. For a moment all was silent.

"I say, Bill!" cried Tom.

"What?" asked Bill, sulky.

"I have kicked my fellow out."

"You are a devilish sight luckier than I am," said Bill, "for mine has kicked me out."

"Whether Corwin will kick Seward out, or Seward kick Corwin out, I will not attempt to anticipate, but that they are both drunk—indeed, grossly intoxicated with deep potions of Abolitionism, none can deny, and it matters little which is which or whether they both stay in or both go out."

We are glad to see that Mr. Cochrane's bill for the better protection of female emigrants has become a law. It confers more honor upon his name than the most brilliant political achievement. The character of our sailors has very much fallen since the days of old Ironsides. It will now be the woman's own fault if she be lured from the paths of virtue on the rolling deep.

"Hope tells a flattering tale" to the undertaker of Jersey City, if he imagines to get any damages out of the New York papers for publishing a few plain truths about the disgusting traffic in coffins and graves so common with those dismal tradesmen. In a Jersey paper we find this cool announcement: "On the other hand, Mr. Hope has suffered much from the publicity of the case, and signifies his intention to prosecute the proprietors of two or three papers that gave the matter premature publicity." The gentleman now undergoing the delicate attention of the police for his eccentric behavior in an oyster shop can sympathize with the indignant Jerseyman.

The news from the Rio Grande is important. Our troops have crossed the borders in pursuit of that notorious robber Cortinas, and have taken forty prisoners after a sharp skirmish. This, with the capture of the two steamers, must go somewhat to make the "sick man" aware that we are not to be trifled with any longer. The sooner that deadly nuisance is put an end to the better. It has too long been a crying evil on this continent. Mexico, once ours, Cuba will fall into our lap by the mere force of gravitation.

The Case of Mr. Williams, now in the Tombs under sentence of eight years' imprisonment for the felonious abstraction of a valuable money letter, is one that demands immediate attention from the public. The witnesses who swore to his identity had, on a previous trial, sworn to another man with equal confidence, although there was no similarity between the two persons. Even if there should be a doubt, we consider it would not be too severely straining the Rhadamanthine inflexibility of a judiciary which allows thousands of indictments to sleep the sleep of a legal death, lest the feelings of their criminal heroes should be wounded. We trust the New York Times will pursue this subject. At all events, a subscription should be raised for his destitute children, since the conduct of Williams's wife shows that their mother is a woman with the common feelings of humanity.

A Beautiful Picture.—Ten thousand dollars was paid to Rosa Bonheur for her world-renowned painting of "The Horse Fair," but now for the small sum of one dollar and a half there can be obtained a fine chromo-lithograph of the same work, printed from a series of stones and successive oil colors, thus reproducing on a smaller scale all the brilliant colorings, the life and spirit of the great original. This splendid print has just been issued by J. Emerson & Co., whose advertisement appears in our advertising columns. Engravings of this character have usually sold in this country and Europe at from five to ten dollars per copy, yet the publishers offer this at the low price of one dollar and a half per copy, hoping thereby to effect a sale for a sufficient number to make the enterprise profitable. It seems to us that no lover of art and the beautiful will let pass the opportunity to obtain so beautiful a picture at so low a price.

Harvey Birch & Brothers, of No. 16 South Fifth Street and No. 65 West Penn Street, Reading, Pa., are gentlemen of enterprise and energy, and are rapidly building up for themselves a large and profitable business. Our friends in that section of the country can procure all our publications of the Birch Brothers, and can depend upon receiving them with regularity and dispatch. We commend them to the patronage of the public.

Tom Thumb at Hope Chapel.—The General is once more before the people, and extends his invitation to all respectable classes of society to visit him at Hope Chapel, No. 718 Broadway. He will entertain his friends twice each day, from three to half-past four, and from half-past seven to nine, and on Saturdays there will be an extra entertainment at twelve for the accommodation of schools. The General will be assisted by the celebrated violinist, Signor Oliviera, and T. Schreiner, the pianist. The public should flock to see the General.

Personal.

The DUCHESS of MALAKOFF has presented the stormer of Sebastopol with a daughter.

Sir Robert Hill, one of the Waterloo heroes, has surrendered his flag of life to the King of Terrors. In point of fact, he is dead.

FREEMAS makes a very rude remark on Parson Brownlow. It appears that the reverend apostate and controversialist wrote a scathing letter, and dated it from that naughty place—n. s. do ble l. Whereupon the wag of Louisville says the letter is undoubtedly Brownlow's, and that the good parson was evidently at home when he wrote it.

The scarf worn by George Washington during several years of his glorious career, was lately exhibited in the college chapel at Marietta, Ohio. It was gazed at with almost superstitious veneration. How easily the human mind slides into religious worship!

MISS COWARD, the authoress of "The Lamplighter," has sailed from England. It is said that she is engaged to an English gentleman of great wealth and literary talent, who lately paid this country a visit.

OWEN STANLEY, the King of the Gypsies of Ohio, died at Madison, Indiana, last week. He is to be buried with great Zingara pomp. There was a belief in his tribe that he was the original Abasurus, or Wandering Jew. His death will designate their credulity.

CHARLES DICKENS, Jun., who is clerk in Barings Brothers, is going out to Calcutta to establish an agency. This is a mistake. His father has a profound horror of the Indian climate. No young man can live for five years in India without losing his liver; and Miss Bartlett Coates, although very pious, would never wish to put that indispensable part of a man's physical happiness on the Hindoo frying-pan merely to increase his store, "and make a man of him."

BARKER, the artist, has purchased Mrs. Burns's tablecloth. Being a poet's widow, she had so seldom a dinner to put on it that it is little worn. It has, however, a very strong smell of mountain dew.

GUTHRIE will shortly publish in London and Paris, simultaneously, the continuation of his English History. It will contain many interesting particulars never before made public. These he has obtained from the archives of France.

HAWTHORNE's new book has been published in London by Bentley, under the title of "Transformation." Here we call it "The Marble Faun." It has been very warmly commended by the English critics.

ISAAC TAYLOR, whose "Natural History of Enthusiasm," some sixteen years ago, created such a furor in the literary world, has announced a new work, called "Ultimate Civilization." He is one of the deepest and clearest thinkers of the day.

Two photographic portraits of Messrs. Heywood and Heard, of Tremont row, Boston, are admirable works of art. We have inspected some recently taken, and pronounce them equal to the best that we have seen. We can command them cordially to our eastern friends.

RICHARD REAFL, John Brown's Secretary of State, and whose portrait we gave in No. 218, has become editor and proprietor of the *Macauk Press*, published in West Liberty, Ohio.

The able editor of the *Sunday Mercury* pays a high compliment to Governor Morgan, for his vetoing the attempt of the Record Commissioners to smuggle through the Legislature their swindling claim of nearly two hundred thousand dollars against the county of New York. The Commissioners, it was shown, had recklessly squandered upwards of \$300,000 in printing outlawed judgments, of no earthly use to any one. We agree with the *Sunday Mercury* that this is one of the most impudent swindles in our municipal history.

LITERATURE.

THOMAS AND FIELD, of Boston, have sent us a pleasant chatty little volume called *A Trip to Cuba*, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Everybody "does" Havana now, and already volumes on the subject begin to multiply. The space for investigation is limited, and the privilege to investigate more limited still, so that each work is necessarily in a great measure but an iteration of the same facts. Still the different standpoints from which the several travellers take their observations give an individual interest to the works, in proportion to the intellectual powers of the authors. Mrs. Howe's volume is sketchy and sparkling, with a slight vein of flippancy, only just sufficient to render it piquant and amusing.

We have received from RUDY & CARLETON, the *Answer to Hugh Miller and Theologic Geologist*, by Thomas A. Davies. The author of this work simply answers geological facts by the statement of his unshaken belief in the Mosaic account of the Creation literally rendered. To him the days and nights employed in the creation of the world were simply and literally days and nights, as we understand them, in opposition to the "periods" of perhaps thousands of years claimed by the Geologist. It is the old battle between Faith and Reason fought over again. Orthodoxy arrayed against Science, endeavoring to close up the avenues of inquiry, or only permitting inquiry in so far as it goes to sustain dogmas of faith which churchmen insist upon and command the whole world to believe blindly.

We cannot sympathize with those who fear that inquiry will sap the foundations upon which our Christian faith is built. To our thinking the profound truths elicited by such luminous minds as Hugh Miller's bear witness more emphatically to the authenticity of the Bible than all the over-hot mal contentions of orthodoxy or uninquiring faith of the whole clergy of the world.

However, compliment Mr. Davies upon his able manner of defense and attack, but there is a fatal weakness in his very strength which must always place him at a disadvantage in this argument.

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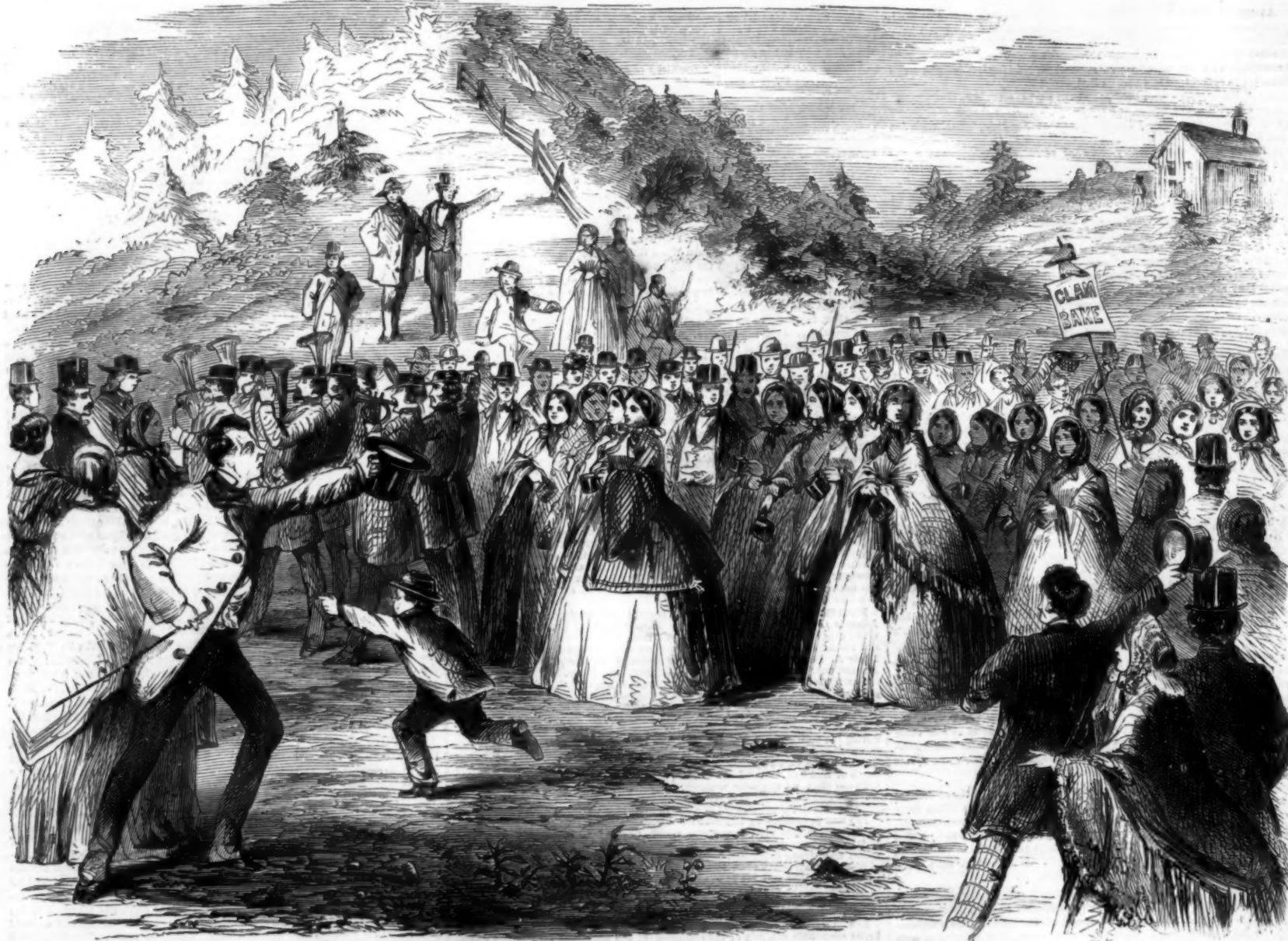
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PROCESSION OF THE LADY "STRIKERS" TO THE CHOWDER PARTY AT LYNN.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. E. CHAMPNEY.

GREAT CLAM CHOWDER PARTY OF THE LADY "STRIKERS" OF LYNN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the serious aspect of the great labor movement commenced at Lynn, Massachusetts, the operatives, necessarily out of employment, find time for innocent amusements, and devise pleasant parties to prevent the idle from becoming vicious. Of this character was the great clam chowder party devised for and patronized by the female operatives of Lynn. We need hardly say the

female element in the chowder party was a feature of singular attractiveness, and brought together a great crowd to witness the ceremonials and see the fair creatures eat.

The place appointed for the chowder party was the other side of High Rock, a most appropriate and convenient spot, which was early alive with busy men, and resounded with the loud note of preparation. The clams were brought in huge baskets, and the luscious bivalves, together with the other materials, duly deposited in some dozen immense clam kettles. While some chopped up

wood to the fitting size, others lighted the fires under each kettle, and the cooks mingled the crackers, spices, &c., to enrich the splendid stew. Soon the steam began to ascend, and far off the marching line of pretty women must have sniffed up the rich and savory smell of the anticipated feast. Preceded by the band, discoursing lively and spirited music, the ladies marched, four abreast, with banners waving and with pannikins in hand, on to the chowder ground. Crowds of people thronged the whole line of march, and cheered loudly and heartily. It was indeed a most



PREPARING THE CHOWDER—EXPECTANT GROUP.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. E. CHAMPNEY.

pleasant sight but the scene on the ground was of the most animating description. On trees and on rocks, around and about everywhere, the eager groups were scattered, but all concentrating upon that interesting spot where the clam chowder was being transferred from the cooking kettles to the spacious receiving tubs. As soon as it was announced that the chowder was ready for distribution, the scene became still more animated, and the distributors' ladies were kept incessantly busy. As one after another the ladies' pannikins were filled with chowder, separate parties were formed, and right merry groups made the old rocks again ring with genuine laughter.

It does not become us to state how often the pannikins were filled, although a sense of justice compels us to say that the march to the ground had not deprived the fair creatures of their delicate appetites. But all things must come to an end, and there is even a limit to eating chowder made of clams. So to aid digestion, the whole party incontinently fell to dancing, and to the sound of stirring music light feet tripped along the ground, and strong arms supported; and we sincerely believe that no set ball-room affair was ever half so heartily relished as this impromptu dance in the open air, amid hundreds of interested and sympathizing spectators.

Everything was conducted in the most orderly manner, and we do not doubt that all present will long remember the ladies' clam chowder party at High Rock, on Wednesday, the 21st of March.

Besides the dancing there was football playing and kissing games such as Copenhagen and Johnny Brown. The game of Johnny Brown is a curious institution, and is played in the following manner:

A person, male or female, takes a seat in the middle of a circle composed of ladies and gentlemen with joined hands. As the circle moves around the person inside the following refrain is chanted by the whole party:

The "Johnny Brown" Game in Lynn.

TUNE—"Oats and Beans," &c.
Very well done, says Johnny Brown,
Is this the way to London town?
Stand you here, and stand you by,
Till you hear y'ur true love cry.
On the carpet you shall stand
And take your true love by the hand;
Take the one that you profess
To be the one that you love best.

When the selection is made from the circle, the struggle for the kissing commences, which is a rare, funny, and, y'no means unpleasant operation.

There was only one incident of an unpleasant nature during the day. A boss machinist, named Piper, who was present, boasted of his success in getting two girls to go to work that forenoon. He also made some remarks which the ladies did not relish, and they took the unfortunate gentleman in charge, and escorted him from the grounds to the tune of the "Rogue's March." He was treated very gently, amid cries of "Don't hurt him," from both men and women.

The chowder department was under the charge of Mr. Nathan Mower; the leader of the sports in the ring was Mrs. Hannah Phillip.

ger of the day, and who has been universally acknowledged as the Prince of Showmen. The facts of his life are too familiar to need recapitulation here. We shall therefore merely add our testimony to that of his most intimate friends, that a knowledge of many years enables us to bear witness to his unvarying integrity and generosity; and above all, strange as it may sound, when applied to so shrewd and practical man, to express our belief that the weak point of Mr. Barnum is a too confiding disposition. This peculiarity, heightened by a sanguine disposition, has led to those serious reverses which have evidently made our friend, if not a sadder, yet a wiser man. We are truly rejoiced to know that he has at last triumphed over difficulties which to any other man would doubtless have been insurmountable, but which to his energetic and indomitable nature have proved merely temporary. It must be at the same time conceded that every one of Mr. Barnum's speculations, disastrous as their results proved to him, had the aspect of general utility. His fire annihilator, had it fulfilled the expectations of its inventor, would have been a great blessing to the community; his endeavor to retrieve the fortunes of the Crystal Palace had a national spirit in it, which deserved a better fate and a more public appreciation; even his last and most fatal adventure in clocks was calculated to carry better time into the cottages of our poorer citizens. An undertaking therefore must have a popular temptation about it to engage the attention of the proprietor of the American Museum.

We cannot accompany the portrait of our celebrated friend with a more agreeable commentary than a few extracts from the speech he made in the Lecture Room of the American Museum on Saturday evening, the 24th of March, when he announced that Barnum was himself again. After announcing his return as sole lessee of the Museum, he went into a few particulars of his last speculation:

Never did I feel stronger in my worldly prosperity than in September, 1855. Three months later, I was so deeply embarrassed that I felt certain of nothing except the uncertainty of everything. I had been tempted to place implicit faith in a certain Clock Manufacturing Company, and placed my signature to papers which ultimately broke me down. After five years of hard struggle to keep my head above water, I have touched bottom at last, and am happy to announce that I have waded ashore. Every clock debt of which I have any knowledge has been provided for.

Perhaps, after the troubles I have experienced, I should feel no desire to re-engage in the excitements of business; but a man less than fifty years of age, and enjoying robust health, is scarcely old enough to be put in a glass case in the Museum as one of its million of curiosities. "It is better to wear out than rust out." If a man of active temperament is not busy he gets into mischief. Since business activity is a necessity of my nature, I am once more in the Museum, among those with whom I have been so long and pleasantly identified. I feel some claim to your indulgence, while I briefly allude to the means of my present deliverance from utter financial ruin.

After paying a compliment to that much-abused class, creditors,



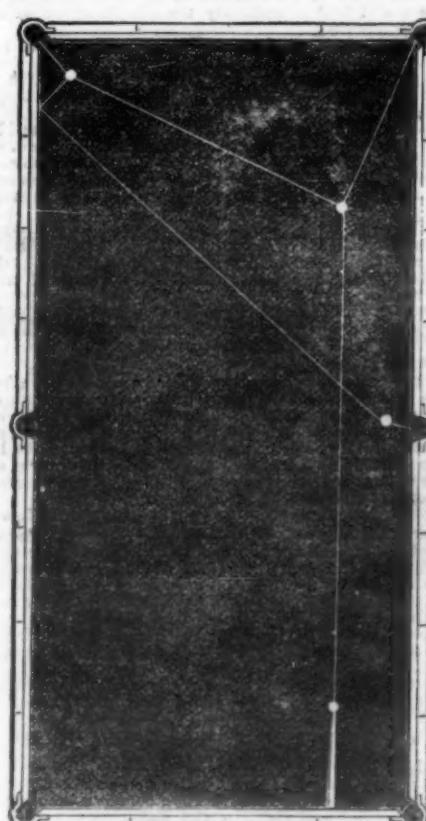
PHINEAS T. BARNUM, ESQ., PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM

We have the pleasure to present our readers with the most lifelike and accurate portrait ever published of the most enterprising manager.

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After paying a compliment to that much-abused class, creditors,



THIRTEEN SHOT.—Made by J. L. Clark, Rockford, Ill.
For Billiard Column see page 207.



THE MYSTERY—Miss Lacy hastened to seek her friend, whom she found walking in the garden with her husband.—See PAGE 209.

he expressed his obligations to his locum tenens, John Greenwood, Junior; he then said :

The Christian name of my wife is Charity. I may well acknowledge, therefore, that I am not only a proper "subject of Charity," but that "without Charity I am nothing." But, ladies and gentlemen, while Charity thus labored in my behalf, Faith and Hope were not idle. I have been anything but indolent. Driven from pillar to post, and annoyed beyond description by legal claims and write, I was pursuing protests and summons by day, and dreaming of clocks run down by night. My whole mind (and my credit) was running upon tick, and everything pressed on me like a *dead weight*.

In this state of affairs, I felt that I was of no use on this side of the Atlantic, so giving the pendulum the swing, and seizing time by the forelock, I went to Europe. There I furiously pulled the wires of several exhibitions, among which that of Tom Thumb may be mentioned for example. I managed a variety of musical and commercial speculations in Great Britain, Germany and Holland. These enterprises, together with the net profits of my public lectures, enabled me to remit large sums to confidential agents for the purchase of my obligations. In this manner I quietly extinguished, little by little, every dollar of my clock liabilities.

I have lost more than I care to remember. A valuable portion of my estate in Connecticut, however, has been preserved; and as I feel the ardor of twenty years ago, and the prospect here is so flattering, my heart is animated with the hope of ultimately retrieving the losses of the past. Experience has taught me not only that, even in the matter of money, "enough is as good as a feast," but that there are, in this world, some things vastly better than to distrust the "almighty dollar."

There is one other point on which I wish to say a few words. Many people have wondered that a man so acute as myself should have been deluded into embarrassments like mine. I can only reply that I never made pretensions to the sharpness of a pawnbroker, and hope I shall never so entirely lose confidence in human nature as to consider every man a scamp by instinct, or a rogue by necessity. "It is better to be deceived sometimes than to distrust always," as Lord Bacon says.

On Saturday afternoon next, the 21st of March, at one o'clock, I shall, therefore, re-open this establishment with a bill of attractions which, I trust, will prove worthy of universal admiration, and with a promulgation of whole-some rules and regulations calculated to secure the approbation of all lovers of chaste and innocent recreations. Until that eventful day, ladies and gentlemen, I bid you all an affectionate adieu.

THE MYSTERY;

OR, THE

GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH.

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The daily visits of Lord Arthur to the residence of Herbert Lacy had now been continued for several months; but so carefully had his real rank been concealed from Milly, that she had not the slightest suspicion of his being other than he represented himself—a poor gentleman holding an appointment under Government. Her benefactor and his sister invariably spoke of and addressed him as Mr. Stanton; and as for the servants, never having been intrusted with the secret, they could not betray it.

Nothing could be more tender, and at the same time delicate than his attentions to the poor gipsy girl. To have witnessed them any one would have taken him for an elder brother, who sympathized deeply with the sufferings of a sister. There were no signs of love in them—at least, upon the surface; the feeling, if he entertained it, was not expressed in words—Milly had learned the value of professions, and in all probability would have steered her heart against them—but in the patient gentleness with which he listened to her griefs, the manly reasoning that combatted the bitterness of her self-reproaches, and sought to reconcile her to herself.

"You believed yourself a wife, Milly," he would urge; "your mind, therefore, is unpolluted. It was a contest between the serpent and the dove, guilt and innocence, cunning and simplicity. You are as ignorant of the world and its snares as the birds and flowers amid which you have been reared. Had the slightest spark of manhood remained in the craven heart of your destroyer, he would have respected your very helplessness."

His arguments soothed and gratified the victim of Sir Aubrey Fairclough's selfish passions, but they failed to convince her, and she rarely replied otherwise than by her tears.

Once, and once only, his lordship, stung by a movement of jealousy, accused her of loving Harley still. He knew her betrayer by no other name.

The consternation of Milly assumed an expression he had never before observed. It was sublime in its scorn and womanly contempt of the baseness of her betrayer.

"My tongue can find no words to express my loathing of that man," she answered, with a shudder. "He hath blighted an existence which, but for him, might have been pure and tranquil—poisoned by the snake which you have been reared. I hate him! It is my child I mourn—my beautiful, my first born," she added, yielding to a passionate flood of tears, "and not its unnatural father."

From that hour her preserver carefully avoided alluding to the heartless being who had so cruelly abandoned her.

It would appear that a certain amount of credulity is inherent in our natures. Those whom it is most difficult to deceive easily deceive themselves—the agent is different; the result the same.

Had any of his friends told Lord Arthur that he was deeply, blindly in love with Milly, his lordship would have smiled, and wondered, probably, at the want of discernment that could not distinguish between pity and a more tender passion. Love! he would have denied the supposition as preposterous—absurd—and yet he had already written twice to the Foreign Office for prolonged leave of absence from his post at Naples.

Why had he done this?

With all his philosophy—experience of the world—he could not endure the thought of separating from Milly. She had become necessary to his existence—entwined herself around his heart—taken possession of its most secret shrine before its owner was aware she had obtained admittance.

To a third application for leave of absence the noble diplomat received a polite refusal: "Public business—national interests—presence necessary," &c., &c. It was not even written by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, but one of the under-secretaries.

"I have acted childishly," exclaimed his lordship, after perusing it; "trifled with my future career; and, after all, what motive—that is to say, serious motive—have I for wishing to remain in England? None—positively none."

He sighed as his thoughts reverted to the well-known residence of Herbert Lacy at Richmond.

"I must ride over and make my adieu," he added. "Poor Milly! she will miss me sadly; but pity must not interfere with the stern duties of life."

Of course not, Lord Arthur—quite absurd to expect it!

Falling in love is very much like falling asleep—we are never conscious of the exact moment the change takes place. Had the deserted gipsy girl been asked the nature of her feelings towards her preserver, she would have answered frankly, and so far truthfully, they were those of a sister for a kind and affectionate brother.

Another instance how easily we deceive ourselves.

On arriving at Richmond, his lordship left his horse as usual at the hotel, and proceeded on foot to the residence of Herbert Lacy. During his walk he resolved within his mind a hundred projects for the future welfare of his protégé; not one appeared satisfactory, and they were rejected almost as quickly as they presented themselves.

The idea of making her his wife never struck him.

He found Milly in the garden; the smile that lit her pale features when she beheld him caused his heart to beat with an emotion that startled him, and for the first time he asked himself whether the separation was inevitable.

"Bad news," he said—"at least, bad for me. I am ordered on duty, and must quit England in ten days."

The smile faded as rapidly as it appeared.

"I have no one to regret, or who will regret me," he added, "except yourself Milly, and you I know will think of me."

"Daily—hourly!" sobbed the agitated girl, yielding to her tears.

"I am very unfortunate; one after one, each dream of life is broken.

Happiness is but a shadow; attempt to grasp it and it escapes you."

"Not always, Milly."

"I have found it so. Why did I ever leave the tents of my people to mix with the house-dwellers? I was happy in my ignorance—happy in the society of the birds and wild creatures of the forest. I

had no loves, no friendships, but with them. They never betrayed or abandoned me. Knowledge, they say, is good. I have paid, alas! a fearful penalty for mine."

"But I have neither betrayed nor abandoned you," observed Lord Arthur.

"You? Oh, no! You have been all that is kind and noble to me," exclaimed the gipsy girl—"as tender as compassion, as patient as charity. You have sustained me with your strength, and almost taught me not to despise myself. Do you wonder, then, I feel this separation? I am like that plant," she continued, "whose tendrils cling to the oak tree for support. Remove the prop, it withers—dies."

"Not if it is transplanted with it," replied her preserver, in a tone of impassioned tenderness. "Why should we separate when we have only our own hearts to consult? I love you, Milly! For months I have worn a mark that concealed my feelings only from myself—others have read them. It falls at last, revealing no boyish, changing passion, but the strong love of manhood, its firm resolve to win the object of its worship. Will you be mine? Do not answer yet; remember, happiness or misery hangs upon your decision. You shall find a strong heart to sustain and fight life's battles for you, a friend to guide, a lover to console, a husband to protect you."

A marble-like paleness overspread the face of Milly Moyne at this unexpected declaration. Surprise and terror were written in every feature. Terror least the man, whose nobleness of character had made so deep an impression on her heart, should break the spell by a proposal unworthy of himself. That he should ask her to become his wife never entered into her wildest thoughts.

At the word "husband," a cry of mingled joy and anguish escaped her lips.

"Bless you, Arthur!" she exclaimed, "God bless you for that word! Not that I am selfish, vile enough to accept the generous sacrifice—never! never! Arthur, you must never blush for the woman on whom you bestow your name; her soul must be pure, her mind unsullied as your own. She must be one who can challenge the world's respect—her husband's confidence. I am not that one—"

"To me you are!" interrupted his lordship. "I know the cruel arts by which you fell—your wrongs, your innocence."

"Innocence!" said Milly, "do not mock me."

"I would as soon mock the martyr at the funeral pyre," replied her lover. "I repeat it, therefore—innocence. You believed your self a wife?"

"Yes."

"In the eyes of Heaven were so."

"But the world?"

"We will fly from it, Milly. The land to which the duties of my appointment call me is distant far from England—bright as your own beauty—rich in the gifts of nature—a land whose breath is perfume, whose verdure is flowers. There, in the tranquil home my love will place you, you may forget the past and all its sorrows."

"A dream, Arthur—a dream!" replied his hearer, sadly. "Yet it is sweet to think thou hast imagined I might share it."

"You shall share it, Milly," said her lover. "By that heaven that witnesses my truth and records my vows—by the voice in your own gentle breast that pleads for me, do not, I implore you, permit a mistaken sense of honor to mar my happiness. With you, existence which has hitherto been aimless, will have a purpose—an incentive to exertion. I cannot live for myself alone; life must be misery without you."

The cause that the heart advocates is half won; and yet it was long, and required all her suitor's eloquence to obtain the poor gipsy girl's consent to share his name and fortunes. Of his real rank—as our readers are aware—she was ignorant. She knew him to be a gentleman, and believed that he was poor.

Supporting the steps of Milly, he led her from the garden into the drawing room, where Herbert Lacy and his sister were seated. The latter guessed, from the tears that still glistened in the eyes of her protégé, and the expression of happiness and manly tenderness in her companion's countenance, what had occurred.

"Congratulate me, my kind friends," he exclaimed, "I am the most fortunate fellow in existence, I have found a treasure."

"Where?" demanded the gentleman of the house, who, being an old bachelor, and moreover a philosopher, may be excused for not comprehending him.

"Where Adam discovered his—in the garden," replied the lover.

Milly Lacy drew towards her, and gently kissed her.

"I fear I have acted wrongly, selfishly," murmured the agitated girl. "Ought I to accept his generous offer?"

"Your heart must answer that question," replied the lady, seriously.

"It has answered already," said her brother, who at last perceived his lordship's meaning. "Stanton, you have acted nobly; accept my best wishes for your happiness."

"I must still rely on you and Miss Lacy's influence to insure it," said the lover. "I am ordered to return to my post at Naples in ten days."

"Plenty of time to get married in, I should suppose?" observed Herbert Lacy.

His sister led Milly from the room.

Having consented to become the wife of her preserver, Milly yielded to his entreaties to bestow her hand upon him the day before his departure from England. Under other and less urgent circumstances, she would doubtless have urged delay. One only witness besides the Lacy's was to be present at the ceremony—John Compton.

Lord Arthur returned to London a much happier man than he quitted it, and yet he had taken a step the world would have pronounced him mad and ridiculed him even for contemplating; but he was one of those who lived not in its opinion.

John Compton was not greatly surprised when informed of the results of his lordship's visits to Richmond; his own observations had in some degree prepared him for it, and he rejoiced at the event for the sake of Milly.

"Certainly," he said, in reply to the bridegroom's request that he would consent to act as trustee to the settlement he proposed to make up his future wife. "You have acted very generously, and it is my sincerest wish that happiness may result from your union. It was my intention to provide for her," he added, "when the villain—"

"Do not allude to him," interrupted his visitor, his countenance flushing painfully. "Heaven forbid I should ever meet him."

"Amen!" exclaimed the broker; "for he is as remorseless as heartless. His name shall never reach you from my lips."

"I know it already," observed his lordship—"Harley."

John Compton mentally wished he might never discover the real one.

It was not without vague forebodings for the future that Milly Moyne bestowed her hand upon the generous man who had done so much to restore her to her own esteem.

"Should he live to regret the sacrifice?" she repeatedly murmured to herself, and the doubt passed like a dark shadow between her and her present happiness.

The ceremony had taken place at an early hour, and as yet the bride knew not of her greatness, but still believed her husband to be a poor gentleman. Had he been a prince it would not have raised him in her estimation.

The bridal party were seated at the breakfast table when the servant entered with the papers. John Compton secured the *Times*. An exclamation of surprise broke from him, and he cast an involuntary glance toward the bridegroom.

"Anything particular?" demanded Herbert Lacy.

"You take but little interest in the money market," answered the broker, evasively, and the circumstance passed unnoticed.

Presently a second ejaculation escaped him.

"Decidedly," exclaimed their host, laughing, "nothing less than a panic can have occurred upon 'Change. Fortunately, I have nothing to do with business; I could not endure these sudden emotions."

"They are like glory to the soldier—the excitement of the chase to the sportsman," observed his guest.

As soon as the ladies had retired, he handed the paper to Mr. Lacy, who read as follows:

"SCOUNDRE DEATH OF THE EARL OF DALVILLE.—His lordship expired in a fit of apoplexy at Dalville Castle last night, shortly after retiring to rest. Fortunately, his eldest son, Lord Arthur—now Earl Dalville—secretary to the Embassy at Naples, is still in England."

"By the death of the deceased peer, several offices become vacant. He was a staunch supporter of the present government."

To break the intelligence of the Earl of Dalville's death to his son

at such a moment was doubly painful. Neither the broker nor Herbert Lacy felt disposed to undertake the task, but consulted the sister of the latter gentleman, who, with true woman's instinct, at once discovered the best, and in fact only, way to lessen the blow.

"His wife must tell him," she exclaimed.

"His wife!" repeated both the gentlemen, with astonishment.

"Yes."

"But she has been kept in ignorance of his rank," observed her brother; "and I have no doubt but his lordship is at this moment revolving in his mind how to disclose the secret to her."

"The surprise at finding herself a countess," added John Compton, "may unfit her for the task."

"Oh, you men—you men," exclaimed Miss Lacy, sadly, "how little do you comprehend our sex! We are strong where you are weakest—in the hour of trial and of sorrow. When Milly finds that she is called upon to act the consoling angel's part, she will forget the woman in the task."

"Say, rather, act up to the noblest instincts of her sex," said the broker, in a tone of admiration. "Leave it to your sister and the bride," he added, turning to his host; "it cannot be in better hands."

Herbert Lacy was of the same opinion.

Miss Lacy hastened to seek her friend, whom she found walking with her husband in the garden, listening, with trembling confidence, to the picture he so eloquently described of their future life—its hopes and prospects.

"My dear, kind benefactress!" exclaimed Milly, "teach me to support my happiness. I sometimes fancy that it is a dream—too bright for reality—to great to prove lasting!"

"Fear not but it will have its shadows," replied the lady; "they are sent like the showers of summer to refresh the heart, which like the earth, would parch with too much sunshine."

"Prophetess!" exclaimed his lordship, half reproachfully; "on such a day!"

At last she sang to her the verse of a song with which she used to lull her to sleep.

"Mamma! mamma! my own, dear mamma!" exclaimed Annie, throwing herself into her arms, and sobbing convulsively, "you will not leave me again?"

The recognition was complete.

Although it was a sad blow to Herbert Lacy and his sister parting with the interesting little creature who had been thrown so singularly upon their protection, their grief was happiness compared with the despair of James Sparks at the separation.

He had saved her, he said—snatched her from the grave. Annie was his—and not even a mother had a right to take her from him.

"Well," said the broker, when talking the affair over with Herbert Lacy, "the coincidence is singular."

"What coincidence?"

"You recollect that I twice expressed my surprise on reading the Times upon the morning of Milly's marriage?"

"Perfectly."

"The first time it was caused by the account of the Earl of Dalville's death."

"I remember."

"The second time," said John Compton, "by the following paragraph."

He handed the extract from the paper to Mr. Lacy, who read as follows:

"At the Castel Guarlo, in Sicily, Lady Fairclough of a son and heir."

"Heir to his father's title," said the broker, "but not his mother's fortune—that goes to my ward, Phil Blandford. But is it not singular," he added, "the news should reach England upon the day of Milly's marriage?"

"Very singular," repeated Herbert, "very."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NEITHER our hero nor Major Henderson had forgotten the motive which brought them to Italy. Each in his own way made cautious inquiries to discover the retreat of Sir Cuthbert Vavasseur, but hitherto without success; not one of their countrymen whom they questioned could afford them the slightest information upon the subject. Even Freeborn, the consul, whose long residence and official position in the country gave him peculiar facilities, tried to assist them, but in vain.

Many with less perseverance would have abandoned the search as hopeless; but Oliver and his guardian were of a different stamp. Circumstances convinced that, if not now an inhabitant of Rome, the baronet had resided there, and must have left some traces of his sojourn.

Phil, and even Peter Marl, at times felt dreadfully puzzled to account for the long, mysterious absence of the major and our hero from the hotel. Neither could comprehend them.

"It can't be anything dangerous," thought the old soldier; "they would never enter on a campaign without me."

And with this reflection he concealed himself.

Major Henderson, like most visitors to the Eternal City, was frequently in the habit of walking upon the Pincian hill, the only agreeable souvenir of their occupation left by the soldiers of Napoleon, who laid it out in a succession of terraces, adorned with fountains and statues, making it one of the most delicious promenades in Rome.

Several times he had noticed an ecclesiastic whose features he fancied were familiar to him, but could not recollect where they had met. It was to no purpose that he continued to pass and repass him, looking earnestly into his face; the dark-robed monk gave no sign of recognition.

The Englishman determined at last to speak to him, and selected an opportunity when none of his superiors were near.

"We have met before, padre," he said.

"Faith, major dear, and yes may say that," replied the priest, in a rich brogue. "In Portugal and Spain."

There was no mistaking the accents of the student of the Irish college at Salamanca, who had been attached to the army of Wellington as interpreter, during the war in the Peninsula, and particularly to the major's own brigade.

"O'Reilly!" exclaimed the veteran, extending his hand; "why the devil did you not speak to me?"

"Appearances," replied the man, "appearances! Rome is a mighty place for scandal, and it's not the best of characters yes bear."

"I comprehend," observed his former acquaintance, laughingly; "heretic and Englishman are synonymous."

"Whaht i whaht!" interrupted the priest, "it's not that."

"Then I confess I do not understand you," answered Major Henderson, gravely.

"It's a liberal, one of the Carbonari, that ye are—or, at any rate, suspected of being, and that is much the same thing—you and the two fine grown lads that are with you."

"I one of the Carbonari!" exclaimed the gentleman; "ridiculous."

"Don't hurry now," said Father O'Reilly, "are you not a daily visitor to the two princes—as the young Naps are called? Only to think," he added, "of their having an uncle a cardinal!"

"What then?"

"Ain't they here to make a revolution?"

"Possibly."

"And yet you say you can't understand me?"

"The suspicion is too absurd, even for the Roman police to entertain," observed the major.

"In travelling over the Splügen, I had it in my power to render a slight service to Madame Saint Lou and her son."

"Which?" demanded the monk, eagerly.

"Louis, the younger," replied the Englishman; "the elder brother was not then with them, but residing with his father at Florence."

"Ah, yes! owd Louis. No harm in him."

"What can be more natural," continued the speaker, without heeding the interruption, "than that the prince should renew the acquaintance, or that I should accept his courtesy?"

"But that's not all ag'inst ye," observed his former friend.

Major Henderson shrugged his shoulders.

"There was the letter to Milan."

"What letter?"

"The Belgioso one. It was cleverly managed."

"I do not understand you; I know of no letter; and never but once met any member of the distinguished family you name—a young man, Count Alfred—at Geneva."

"Perhaps it was one of the lads, then?"

"Perhaps," repeated the Englishman, coolly, for he began to tire of being thus catechised; "but if so, it was entirely without my knowledge. Not that I should have disapproved of it," he added; "I always sympathise with the exile, as you, if memory serves me rightly, ought to recollect."

"Faith do I, major," said the priest, in a kindlier tone; "I've not forgotten the poor Irish student ye gave a pass to, that he might visit his dying brother in the army of Sout. How the old time comes back again. And so ye have nothing to do with the Carbonari?"

"Nothing."

"Or the schemes of Prince Louis?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing."

"I am glad of that," observed the priest, warmly, "because I was set to find it out; and, to speak the blessed truth, it went against the grain of me. And so it's pleasure brought ye to Rome?"

"Partly."

"Only partly?"

"Yes. I am anxious to discover the abode of a fellow countryman, who years since quitted England and concealed himself from his family."

"His name?" said the priest.

"That is a secret, and the only one I have the slightest reason for keeping from you," replied the major, laughingly.

"Then I can't help you."

"Would you if you could?"

"I would," said the priest, "for the recollections of past kindness; and yet it's little that I could do myself, and those that are above me would feel no interest in the search. I have it," he added. "I can give you the name of one who can assist you better even than the police. But you must not say I sent you to him."

"Should I avail myself of his services, I promise you to observe your caution."

"Antonio Luigi, a retired lawyer, who resides in the Repetta. There is not a faquino in the city but can guide you to the house;

he is the depositary of more secrets than the Holy Office itself. Try him, and if he fails you, abandon the search as hopeless."

Major Henderson made a memorandum both of the name and address.

"And now, major darlin'," added the speaker, sinking into his former familiar tone, "I'll make the best report I can of ye. It will be as well not to let any one know we have ever met before."

"Why so?"

"It might prevent my serving ye."

Without waiting a reply, the monk drew the capuchin over his face, and walked rapidly away.

"Poor O'Reilly!" said the major; "the heart and robe are sadly at variance."

Few men knew better the advantages of promptitude and decision than the speaker. It was evident that his former acquaintance could not, previous to their meeting, entertain the slightest suspicion of the real motives of his journey to Italy; and he determined to use the address he had given him before he could communicate either instructions or suspicions to the retired lawyer.

Descending the Pincian, he crossed the Piazza del Popolo, and made the best of his way to the Repetta, one of the most singular and least frequented quarters by foreigners in the Eternal City.

The first faquino, or porter, whom he addressed—there were numbers employed in carrying and unloading wood—readily undertook to guide him to the house, which he found at the extremity of a narrow *calle de saca*.

"Perhaps you had better wait for me," said the Englishman.

The man shook his head.

"Why not? I will pay you."

"It's not the money, signor," replied the porter, whose countenance had impressed the speaker with an opinion of his honesty; "but I would not cross the threshold of that house for a scudo."

"It is gloomy, certainly, but seems respectable."

"Respectable!" repeated his guide. "Cospetto!—blessed St. Paul I mean," he added, crossing himself—"I hope you have an amulet."

"Against what?"

"The evil eye."

Major Henderson, like most of his countrymen, had far more faith in the existence of curious, prying and inquisitive than in evil eyes, and only laughed at the fellow's superstition.

"Perhaps you will wait for me in the street?" he observed.

"Si, signor."

A young, pretty-looking girl, whose complexion had that delicate paleness peculiar to the Roman women, answered the summons of the visitor.

"Signor Luigi was in the house, and would doubtless see him."

"The amulet," whispered the faquino—"do not forget the amulet!"

Perhaps we ought to explain to our readers that the lower class of Italians wear little trinkets of coral, shell or silver, which have been blessed by the priest, as a protection against the evil eye.

The Englishman's protection was a pair of pistols, which he invariably carried with him, not that he expected there would arise the slightest necessity for using them on the present occasion.

Following his guide along a corridor so crowded with pictures, statues and articles of vestu that it resembled the *boutique* of a curiosity dealer rather than a private residence, he was asked into a small but comfortably furnished apartment. A little, withered old man rose upon his entrance, but started back the instant he perceived that his visitor was a stranger.

"Juliet," he said, "this is not the person I expected."

"He said he was an Englishman."

"Umph! well, it is of no great consequence, perhaps," muttered her master, eyeing the major narrowly.

"If my visit is inopportune," observed the gentleman, "I can call some other time. I wish to consult you."

"I have retired from practice," answered the lawyer, drily.

"My business is not exactly legal."

The Italian waited to see whether he would proceed. Finding that he did not, he pointed to the domestic to quit the room.

"I am ready to listen to you," he said, as soon as he had disappeared; "but first, as you are a stranger in Rome, permit me to ask, how did you learn my name and address?"

"From a friend."

"Did he conduct you?"

"No; the first porter I addressed brought me here."

"Aye," said the master of the house, "it is not unlikely—I am am well known. But to your business, signor—your business!"

"I wish to ask if you are acquainted with an Englishman who, for the last twelve or fifteen years, has resided in Italy, shunning all intercourse with his fellow-countrymen? Probably he is not rich—certainly not in poverty."

Antonio Luigi smiled.

"The description appears a vague one," added his visitor.

"It is not that," replied the lawyer; "but a coincidence that struck me. Twice has the same question been put to me within twenty-four hours."

"Indeed. By whom?"

"I never betray confidence."

Major Henderson regarded him suspiciously.

"You doubt me," said Signor Luigi. "I will give you a proof of my sincerity and plain dealing. The individual you seek is noble."

"A lu'ky hit," muttered his visitor.

"That you may imagine a mere guess," added the speaker; "but if it is the same person, his arms are a bend engrailed, sable, upon a silver shield."

"Right," exclaimed the astonished Englishman.

"I can tell you nothing respecting him," said the lawyer, coolly.

"Caught," thought the veteran; "Signor Luigi has been too cunning for me. I have shown my game—he has the advantage of concealing his. Would you undertake to discover him for me?" he added aloud.

"Two months."

"It will be sufficient," observed the singular personage, after an instant's reflection; "yes, quite sufficient."

On leaving the house the gentleman found the porter waiting as he had directed him. The man appeared surprised on seeing him return in safety.

"The amulets the signor spoke of must be powerful ones," he exclaimed.

Major Henderson permitted the speaker to accompany him through the Repetta, whose inhabitants generally bear anything but a good name.

On reaching his hotel, he shut himself in his room. There was one circumstance in his interview with the lawyer that puzzled him; and the more he reflected upon it the greater his mystification.

How should Luigi describe the arms of the Vavasseurs. He had never, to the best of his recollection, pronounced the name since his arrival in Italy. The man certainly knew the retreat of Sir Cuthbert.

In order to convince himself that he made no mistake, the guardian of our hero referred to the baronetage.

"Right," he muttered—"a bend engrailed, sable, upon a shield of silver."

Great was the happiness of Phil, when a note arrived from the Doria Palace, addressed to his friend, informing him that the Countess Belgioso had arrived in Rome, and would be happy to receive him on the following day.

Never had the hours dragged more tardily, or his heart felt so impatient.

Beyond the happiness of seeing Bianca, of reading in her eyes that she had not forgotten him, his first visit proved as severe a trial to the lover as the tardy pace of time had been. The countess received the young Englishman in the presence of her brother, whose infirmities kept him almost a prisoner in his palace.

All who have had access to Roman society, must have observed the grace and stately courtesy, and the tone of perfect ease which pervaded it. The Cardinal Doria, in his younger days, must have been one of its most brilliant ornaments.

It was not the prestige of his



THE CAPTURE OF GEN. MIRAMON'S TWO WAR STEAMERS OFF POINT LIZARDO, NEAR VERA CRUZ, BY THE U.S. NAVY.



THE SLOOP SARATOGA AND THE STEAMERS INDIANOLA AND WAVE, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 6TH OF MARCH.—SEE PAGE 296.

CAPTURE OF GEN. MIRAMON'S STEAMBOATS BY
U.S. CORVETTE THE SARATOQA,
Off Point Anton Lizardo.

We give this week an illustration of the engagement between the United States sloop-of-war, Saratoga, assisted by the steamers Indianola and Wave, and the steamers Marquez and the General Miramon, on the night of the 6th of March, which resulted, after a short conflict, in the capture of the two latter. These vessels of General Miramon appeared before Vera Cruz and refused to show their colors. Commander Jarvis ordered the Saratoga to proceed to the anchorage of the two strange steamers at Point Anton Lizardo and ascertain their character, at the same time sending in her company the Indianola and Wave, with detachments from the Savannah and Preble. Upon the approach of the Saratoga in tow of the Indianola, Miramon's vessels attempted to escape, but they had reckoned without their spry enemies in chase, and finding this the case determined to act on the offensive, firing twice upon the flag-boats sent by Captain Turner to demand their nationality. Commodore Jarvis now ordered the Saratoga to give them a broadside, upon which all the vessels entered into a general and spirited contest, which, however, was of short duration, General Miramon surrendering himself and most of his men being made prisoners of war. The officers of Miramon's steamers evinced great courage and ardor, charging and firing the guns while many of their men stood inactive. The engagement took place by moonlight. Miramon's loss in comparison with that of the Americans was very great, the former having fifteen killed and thirty to forty wounded, while the latter had but three wounded, one mortally. Miramon's loss peculiarly amounted to something over sixty thousand dollars. A most singular feature in the affair was that Miramon's steamers passed by all the foreign squadrons and the castle without hoisting a flag, although ordered to do so by a shot from the castle and other signals, yet the English, French and Spanish vessels-of-war took no notice of the act. Miramon's vessels, during the contest, hoisted the Spanish flag and were captured with it flying above them.

The Saratoga, which took such great part in this engagement, was formerly a frigate, and built at Kittery, Maine, but was recently altered to a sloop-of-war. She is a vessel of eleven hundred tons, with twenty guns, and carries two hundred and fifty men. The scene of the engagement was off Anton Lizardo, a point of land about nine miles south-south-west of Vera Cruz. It was at this point that General Scott anchored his fleet, while he went up to Vera Cruz prior to their embarkation on smaller vessels.

THE IRISHMAN AND THE M.C.'S

He who wants a good dinner, a good glass of brandy or wine, a good joke, should go now and again and dine at John D. Hammack's, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. He will find there fine porter-house steak; we stake our veracity on it—we have more than once staked our voracity on such a steak—mutton, the very look of it would make your teeth grow soft—

—“A picture for painters to study,
The fat is so white and the lean is so ruddy.”

Pork, a Turk might eat; gammon, that's no gammon; game, rich and racy, that won't “make game” of you. Powl, that have nothing foul about them. Oysters, solid and demure, as Senators before breakfast. Spinal fish, of all sorts and sizes for the quadragesimal fast. Drink, of all kinds, that never saw water; and wits of the first water who never drink any water except Soda or Congress water, and whose fun never rises in watery exhalations settling down upon the table in a fog. Wits-pun-gents, as pungent as pepper or screeching hot whiskey-punch, puffing forth with the smoke of their cigars wit and wisdom to enlighten and exhilarate their friends and aid digestion—there, till the small hours of night, travel round punch and tokay—till every man's head travels round the same way.

A few evenings back we slid into this temple of comfort and fun, and had our glass of cold whiskey toddy—while waiting for the gentleman of the bar to make us a hot one, when a plain, unsophisticated looking Irishman entered, as he came in on an inclined plane. His delicately balanced hat—his *degagé* air and perfect nonchalance, showed that he had met a kindred spirit early in the day, and that they had “smiled” together in some temple dedicated to Bacchus.

He looked inquisitively around on the bar and the “fixings,” his eye in a fine frenzy rolling—his mouth having all the fun-bespeaking parenthesis of sly humor playing about it; and as he thumped his brawny fist on the counter, it showed emphatically he was master of the language of forcible expression and had it at his finger ends, though otherwise silent. As he gave three or four steps of a jig, with an accompanying jerk of his elbows, round the stove, he attracted the eyes of transient visitors, round that pole of attraction, as well as those ensconced in their boxes; and each elbowed the other to call attention to the stranger. At length he cried out in a mellifluous brogue,

“Wathur, have ye ivver a sate fur a gentleman, here, wid no body wid him but himself—an honest chile on the Murphys, where he can rest his marrabones and get a taste at the hunger off a him?”

“Yes, sir,” said the obliging waiter, “walk in further, sir, and you can have every accommodation, sir, you want.”

He showed in the “gentleman,” and installed him, asking what was his pleasure, as he rubbed the crumbs of the cloth before him, and threw up his suspicious eyes at his new customer.

“It's mighty could entirely, in here,” said he, scratching the back of his head and eyeing the waiter from under the rim of his hat; “Is it my pleasure and accommodation ye want to know, *wick ma chree*? Thin it's myself wid be pleased to have that stove brought in here forinst me—it would be a rale conveyance of an accommodation entirely, to a forlorn effig, lect me, that's starved wid the cold.”

“Out of the store, sir, is it?” said the waiter, emphatically. “I mean, what refreshment would you have?”

“Augh, is it refreshment you mane? Faith, thin, if that's it, I took refreshment already, and would be asthur taken a cup ov tay, now, and the giblets, to settle me stomach. Ye see, I sits up all night that I may be up early in the morning, and I always take me breakfast at night and me supper in the mornin, and thin I keep the temperance pledge, ye see, niver to drhink whiskey or anything else between supper and breckfast.”

A few boxes off there were assembled four or five Members of Congress, who had observed the “gentleman” since his entrance, and felt extremely happy, as appeared by their vociferous gestures and exclamations, at the outre acts and language of their neighbor. One of them, H. W. D., walked over near him, and placing his glass to his eye and his hands on his hips, stared at him, and laughed out-rageously.

“A cup of tea, sir, you said, I reckon,” said the waiter, “I don't understand what you mean by giblets.”

Here the M. C. drew himself up, and, calling the waiter, told him, in an accent imitative of the Irishman, he wanted a cup of “tay,” same as the gentleman.

“Wathur,” said the Irishman, “ye must be innocent of larin, entirely, av ye don't understand giblets, an' you keepin a cook shop; but niver mind, ma bouchal, just bring up the tay alone, yir soul to glory.”

“Glorious,” shouted the M. C., all the company joining him.

Off shuffled Mercury, and soon returned with two cups of “tay,” placed one before the Irishman, the other before the enraptured M. C.

“I say, waiter,” said the Irishman, “now bring in two giblets—a taste of sugar, a *danshey* piece, or so, and a little French crame—their giblets.”

“Waiter,” said the M. C., “bring me a taste of sugar and French crame.”

Here another laugh arose among the M. C.'s, mingled with hysterical fun, such as rubbing their hands between their knees and swaying their hands to and fro.

“Anything else, sir?” said the waiter, addressing the stranger;

“what's French cream, may I ask?”

“Erra, the devil fire you!—God pardon me fur swearing, ye black-guard av an ignoramus ov a wathur. Do you know fot a peyaytic is itself; an' av ye do, bring me one or two with their jackets on, their molty wholesome entirely for one's breakfast.”

“Waiter,” said the M. C., “bring me a potato or two wid their coats on.”

As the attendant moved off to obey orders, the fugleman and his companions in the box enjoyed themselves most outrageously, quizzing the stranger, who appeared not to take any notice of their language or gesticulations.

Skip soon made his appearance, and put down before the M. C. some sugar and some cream, and then laid similar articles before the Irishman.

“I say, wathur,” said the latter—“bad fortune to ye, and yer health to wear it, you deluthorin' individual!—fy don't you bring me the peyayties and crame for my tay?”

“I did, sir,” said the waiter; “I brought you the same as the Honorable Mr. ——”

“Honorable be d——d, ye thief av the world! Bad scran to you, you are as stupid as an alderman! It's French crame myself wants—what the quality uses in France and Jerusalem and other furrin parts. Shure everybody knows, you poor craythure, that whishkey and milk diluthered together, all over the world and Washington besides, is French crame!”

Here another laugh arose, and the mimicking gent ordered “French crame.”

“Anything else, sir?” said the waiter, who by this time caught the laugher infection.

“Arrah, be my sowl, and there is Misthur Bib! Bring me in a bit of a wottle, well sazonned and tuff, or I'll make you laugh thutherford side av yer ugly mouth! Take care I don't give ye fot Paddy giv the drum!”

“A what, sir? A what sir?” said he.

“Augh, ye innocent fool! Did ye nivir taste or hard tell ov a kippeen or a wottle? God help ye, ye unfortunate argyle! Be me sowl I pitty ye. Bad luck to yer schoolmasthur, but he kept ye in a state ov ignorance, leck the Jews. Be off now, and show us the back same ov yer stockin in less than no time, or may I niver see whishkey, but I'll spike your phizzymahogany!”

“Bring me a wottle,” said the M. C., amid roars of laughter, which confused the poor Triton.

“I reckon I don't understand what a wottle is,” said he.

“Erra, ye ammathaun av the world,” said the Irishman, advancing towards the frightened waiter; “fere did ye get the bringin' up at all at all, or fere wor ye caught? Be all the crosses ov four-an'-twinty yards ov check, myself niver hard tell ov such an ignoramus—not to know what a wottle was! Ye unfortunate, yer worse than Balaam's ass, for he knew something; wor ye ivver in a fair, or at a weddin', or a wake, or a berrin', or any other place ov amusement and devarshin, and not see a wottle?”

“Water, you mean, sir, I calculate,” said the stupefied waiter.

The Irishman, drinking off his “French crame,” unmindful of the “tay,” throwing a look of ineffable contempt and pity on the man, roared out,

“Augh, ye poor spalpeen ov the world, is it me wid be asther asking fur wathur? Bother your hydraulicks! Wathur is only good for turning mills; it niver was strong enuff to turn a man's head for jollyfication—it's only fit for brute bastes. The first bit ov bread I ate was a peyaytie, and the first wathur I ever drank I spilled it all afore it went to my mouth; but here's a gentleman here seems niver to have drank anything else but wathur, and be me conscience—and that's as good as an oath—I want a wottle for him. You see, honest man—I beg your pardon, maybe it's calling yo' out ov your name, I am—I called for tay an' he called for tay, I called for French crame an' he called for French crame, I called for sugar and peyayties, an' he called for sugar and peyayties; and now I want a wottle, an' be me sowl, he wants a wottle. And be all the saints that Iver danced on the point ov a needle or rode on the beams of the sun, he must have a wottle, an' no mistake, as sure as my name is Jack Murphy.”

“Mr. Irishman, what's a wottle, sir?” said the trembling waiter.

“An' fot's a wottle, me darlin, but a shilleylay—a spacious ov gun that niver misses fire—shilleylaya is the right kinds ov tools for fightin' Members ov Congress,” and the Irishman danced about as he spoke.

Here the fun grew uproarious, and the poor waiter and his brother attendants stared with all the serfisht bewilderment of their class, mingled with the dread of displeasure.

The Irishman threw down half a dollar, bid the water fetch him two shilleylays he'd seen “standing idle an' as quiet as mice back of the counter.”

The waiter did as ordered.

“Here,” said the Irishman, “I'm blest if I'm not blue moulded for want of a batin;” flinging off his coat, hat and necktie, he jumped up a yard from the floor, knocked his feet together, threw a shilleylay to the M. C., and cried out,

“You mimicking monkey, you should have all I wanted, and called for tay, sugar, crame, peyayties, makin' game ov me. Now take that wottle an' I thin I can defin' yourself, if ye have as much blood in ye as a turnip, or bad luck from me, be the hole in me coat—an' there's two in it—if I don't take the Irish crame or the joke out ov your carcase, and lave you that your mother wouldn't know you from a furst cousin ov Adam's if she met you in her tay.”

Then, spitting in his hand and shouting, “Take up the stick, you coward; fair play is a jewel!” he laid hold of the other shilleylay, whirled it round his head, cut right and left, up and down, round the now apologetic M. C., who became frightened as the indignant Irishman frantically danced round him.

The entire crowd of the M. C.'s friends got up and made for the door. The mad Irishman hit the M. C.'s hat as he retreated in double quick time, bruising it down over his eyes, and then, with a gentle expression of force, through the agency of the toe of his shoe, kicked the honorable out in a place, where it

“Hurts honor more
Than a thousand kicks when given before.”

Then closing the door, became “monarch of all he surveyed,” sat down a “real gentleman,” with “nobody with him but himself and his wettle,” and enjoyed his “otium cum dingy hat on,” wid his tay” and the “giblets,” “unbroken in open by the tender carreeses” of the waiters, who now thought that “distance lent enchantment to the scene.”

NEMO.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The *Gamin de Paris*; his Wit—Viscount Walsh; Sharp Trials—Opera Comique—Monsieur Bernard.

One of the most interesting and peculiar forms of humanity is the vagabond—a name, Vagabundus; known in Germany as the Lumpacivagabundus, the Landlaufen, the Lump, the Bummler and the Loso-Bengel. In Italy he is the Lazzarone, of course; in America, the Loafer; in the Spanish world, the Leporo; in France, the Gamin. As Paris is the most highly developed intellectual place on the face of the earth—excepting, of course, the meeting point of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia; and the most enterprising—excepting, of course Chicago; and the best awed—excepting, of course, New York—why, as one would expect, each individual type of character is perfected here to an extraordinary degree, the whole being subordinate, of course, to the Gallic type. Thus our loafers are intensely French loafers, fearfully self-possessed, marvellously careless, dreadfully impudent. They are not like those bestial brigands the “dead ‘abbits” and “killers,” and “ping uggies” of your cities, constantly inflamed with vile spirits, and desirous only of crushing and murdering. Such an unutterably vile type of humanity as the American loafer is only to be found in the cowardly brutality of Syrian cities or among the dregs of Canton. Our gamin is a cheerful, philosophical, take-it-easy, merry individual, who can be something like polite and courteous when he tries, and who tries quite often, even when such politeness is a parody on his own degraded condition. He sacrifices everything to fun and a certain philosophy of cynicism, and when he can set a police court in a roar he reaches his zenith. Do you remember one who, on being brought before the President of a Chamber of Correctional Police, and being told that he must be locked up for a vagabond, replied that he had a trade, and always worked industriously at it when he could get a chance.

“And what may that trade be?” inquired the President.

“I smoke glasses for people to look at the sun, whenever there is an eclipse!”

“You must make very lit'le at that!”

“Oh, no; plenty when the eclipses come round. But just now it is the *émission morte*—the dull season—and I am laying off.”

Very lately one of these boys, who had once worked as a turner, was brought up before the Seventh Correctional Court. On being asked his business, he replied,

“I manufacture batons (maces) for the Marshals of France.”

A roar of laughter swept through the court-room, but the young vagabond preserved a perfectly unmoved countenance.

The pipe is the great luxury of these vagabonds, and skylarking and talking apparently their great labor. Yet be it borne in mind that in talking with the real gamin of Paris, you are often struck with his information, his shrewdness, and indeed in the majority of instances to his manifest superiority to his position. The truth is with him as with the loafer all the world over, what he wants is common honesty, integrity and steadiness. If the gamin in every city formed a guild as they did once in Naples, their motto should be “unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.” I have sometimes thought when I heard these out of door vagabonds pated, that as the world goes it is perhaps better for

them to be in the streets than in better places where they could do more harm. It is nature after all. A really honest street boy, one who is physiologically and hereditarily inclined to work, soon leaves the streets. Those who remained there were degraded by blood and muscle and tissue and cerebral conformation ere their births. Until they can be changed by several generations of culture they will never be of much use, which by the way reads like a bull, but which means that government the world over should educate by the strong hand, and compel the attendance in schools of every child in its dominions—removing to public boarding-schools every child exposed to immoral influences at home.

You have heard of Viscount Walsh lately dead. His death has called out an interesting paragraph in *Figaro*. The deceased was one of the most sincere, most honorable of legitimist writers. He was an elegant man of the world, one of finished politeness, one who had seen much and suffered much, a brilliant and amiable conversationalist. He had been an *émigré* during the stormy days of the Revolution, and the following is recorded as an extract from his souvenirs.

“In London, during the time of the emigration, there was a little society of French who lived in the closest intimacy. We tried to make a living by weaving straw hats and making bone buttons, with five holes in each, the material of which we collected wherever we could, mutton bones. From our poor earnings we each of us saved one sou a day for masses commemorating the 21st of January. I cannot say that our buttons were perfectly polished; while as for our hats, they certainly did not threaten any dangerous competition to those of Italy. But we were gay, we were of the best society, you would have believed us in the Faubourg St. Germain; and if by chance any workman dropped a tool, all the rest hurried to pick it up for him. What we suffered at home was nothing, the cruel moment was when it was necessary to go to town and sell our merchandise. I was the youngest, the most *inexperienced*—careless—and I in consequence became the salesman. I have seen death near me, I have always braved it. But my heart beat, my legs trembled when my hand rested on the handle of a shop door.”

“Ye—,” exclaimed a gentleman to whom I have just read this. “He must have been hard up and wanted the tin badly. I expect that a cent more or less made considerable difference in them days and scared him bad.”

So the world will read the story. It is an extraordinary, and to me an inscrutable problem why human beings should be capable of inflicting such suffering as they often do on others, without being conscious of it. It is an difficult to comprehend as the malice or perverse malignity which wantonly annoys, yet screams injustice when punished. The Viscount Walsh snubbed by shopkeepers, his wares ridiculed, his expressions jeeringly repeated—is only what takes place every day, and, after all, there is but a small proportion of the world who can say why it was that sixty years later, through the memories of suffering and battles and great experience of life, came those efforts to sell his wares to rude people, as the keenest sufferings of his life—the most intolerable mortifications. In this little sketch shines out a refinement, an integrity, an honor and an aversion for all meanness, such as we seldom find equalled.

For the opera and drama—heigho! Well—M. Calzada, director of the Italian Theatre, has sent to Marie Batin a bracelet worth 3,0

Two persons of respectable appearance entered a public-house not far from Redhill, Hertford, and requested to have dinner served them. Mine host complied with their request by placing a leg of pork before them. After enjoying themselves for some time, one of the "gentlemen" proposed to the other to run a race of one hundred and fifty yards, the loser to pay for the dinner, &c. Accordingly the landlord measured the ground and started the "gentlemen." Observing that they ran beyond the distance measured, and supposing that they were doing so in ignorance, he called out "justly; but they continued to run until they were out of sight, and did not return."

"*Another*" says that a novel plan of sweating horses, by means of a Turkish bath, has been just invented by Mr. Gordon, well known in the hunting world of Northamptonshire. It is as efficacious for putting muscle on them, and doing away with the necessity of sweating, as the bath from which the idea is taken is for restoring the energies of foxhounds, men much in the saddle, or those who are too much occupied with business to take plenty of exercise.

The women of England are quarrelling about marrying their sister's husband. On the 5th of March Lord Dungannon presented a petition against a man's marrying his wife's sister. This was signed by three hundred of the ladies of Aylesbury. Lord Wodehouse immediately rose, and presented a counter petition signed by six hundred and forty ladies who were in favor of marrying their brothers-in-law.

There had been a little mutiny on board the *Diadem* at Plymouth. It had been suppressed, and the mutineers were lectured by Captain Cockburn. The men wanted a turn on shore.

Lord Palmerston has been elected an elder brother of the Trinity House. A bill has been introduced in England for paying the coroners by the year, and not by the inquest. As the law now is the terms are a guinea an inquest, and ninepence a mile travelling expenses.

During the gale of the 5th of March four hundred fine elm trees were blown down in Windsor Park.

A WESTCHESTER ROMANCE.

It is not often that truth runs so very much like romance as in the tale we are about to tell. We trust our friend, John Brougham, will not consider us impertinent if we suggest it to him as an excellent plot for his next drama. About eight months ago a young farmer, aged twenty-three, was sent by his father, aged fifty-nine, and his mother, aged fifty-one, to hire a servant at the emigrant depot. He was to be sure, they said, to select either a north of Ireland or an English girl. On his arrival at Castle Garden he saw a lively lass of about eighteen, who seemed to be all alone in the wide world. He asked her if she was engaged. She looked at him with both eyes. He then varied the question by saying, "My mother and father, who live about ten miles from New York, want a servant." "What is your father?" inquired the damsel. "A farmer and a good man!" After one gaze at his honest, open countenance she said, "I will go. I have just arrived here, and have not a friend in America." In an hour she was duly installed in the comfortable farm-house of Mr. G.—. The English girl soon ingratiated herself with the old folks, by whom she was treated as one of their family which consisted of themselves and their son. The English damsel grew prettier and prettier in the eyes of the young farmer, every day developing some new charm. One day he caught her reading a book. It was Cowper. Delightful coincidence! It was his favorite poet. This was the last feather on the camel's back. His heart nearly caved in, and he told her he loved her. She blushed and said he ought not to think of such a thing. He replied, he could think of nothing else. The next day, over a pail of new milk, they exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. When he told his parents they said they were sorry, but he was a good boy, and they thought she would make a good wife, so they agreed to the match. In a short time they were married. This is romantic enough, but now comes the most romantic incident of all.

One morning, last week, the old man said at breakfast table that he was going to York to engage a farm laborer. In the afternoon he returned with a very decent-looking, respectable, gray-headed Britisher, who had arrived only three days before. The son liked the appearance of the man, and he was set to work. While the old farmer and his son were looking at him the former said, "You had better tell Jacyntha to get the room over the loft fitted up."

"Jacyntha," said the old Englishman, with a deep-drawn sigh, "that is a name very dear to me. It was the name of my daughter, but she ran away about a year ago, and I never knew what became of her."

They took no notice of the remark, but went into the house. The young farmer's wife, when she heard that the new laborer was an Englishman, said,

"Poor man! send him on to get some refreshment; perhaps he's hungry, and if he's an Englishman I know he'll relish a glass of ale."

"Kind-hearted lass!" said the old farmer, "you're more fitted to be Queen of England than a Yankee farmer's wife. I'll go and send the poor Englishman for his ale. By the by," he resumed, "he had a daughter named Jacyntha, who ran away from him a year ago. You're not the lass, eh?" said he, chucking her under the chin. "But I'll send him in for his ale."

In a few minutes the old farmer returned, and we know what our readers expect. So, when the fair Jacyntha saw the old man she uttered no piercing shriek, for it was not her father—in point of fact, they were entire strangers to each other.

AN ENGLISH HIGH SHERIFF WITH A TASTE FOR THE PICTURESQUE.

The London *Dispatch* gives a curious account of a legal masquerade, for such it seemed to the townsfolk:

Mr. Justice Hill and Mr. Justice Blackburn, the Judges for the Northern Circuit, opened the assizes at Appleby on Tuesday. The ordinary routine and parade which accompany the Judges as part of the High Sheriff's office and duty in providing javelin men as escort, and to keep order in court, and trumpeters to announce the coming of the Judges, were here enlivened by the High Sheriff, Mr. Matthew Benson Harrison, having dressed his javelin men and trumpeters in the costume of Charles I. The men appeared dressed in leathern doublets with blue velvet sleeves slashed with white silk, blue velvet breeches, high buff buckskin turnover boots, Sombrero hats buttoned up at one side and ornamented each with a long blue and white feather, and crossbelts with large buckles suspending old-fashioned large-handled swords; a red sash round the waist completed their costume. The trumpeters wore gray hats looped up; in other respects the same dress. The javelins also were very formidable, antique-looking weapons. Most of the men were handsome, tall young fellows; and so decked out, as they marched before the Judges down the old-fashioned street of the town on a bright, frosty morning, the tops of their javelins glittering in the sunshine, and the gay long feathers in their hats waving in the wind, they carried back the mind to the days of the Cavaliers, and certainly formed a very picturesque and, in these days of unadorned utility of dress, a very unusual sight.

POLITICIANS AND FARMERS.—Politicians who want an office frequently make great pretensions to agricultural knowledge, and figure at the cattle shows. It is said that Governor —— is one of this sort of farmers, and in illustration thereof the following good stories are related:

Not many years ago, his Excellency, in company with another distinguished citizen of Indiana, was riding in the country. It passing a beautiful field of grain just beginning to head, the Governor reined in his horse and burst into rapturous admiration of the wheat.

Quoth Ned—"Governor, how much will that yield to the acre?"

"Oh, from seventeen to twenty bushels."

"What kind of seed is that from, Governor?"

"Common winter. This is by far the best for this soil."

"You are the President of the Agricultural Society, are you not, Governor?"

"I am, sir."

"Delivered the address before the Agricultural Society of New York last year?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are the author of the eloquent passage about roots and tops?"

"A mere trifle, Ned."

"Well, you are the only agricultural writer I ever saw who could not tell oats from wheat!"

A certain farmer, one of the Governor's constituents, who had a profound admiration for his talents and practical knowledge, wrote to him for advice as to the best method of improving his stock of sheep. The Governor's answer was instant, brief and sincere. "Get a hydraulic ram—better than a mouthdown for mutton—equal to the Merino for wool."

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. T., Easton, Pa.—Yes, sir. You are a little too fast. If you will refer to page 196 of "The Game of Billiards," and read carefully, you will find the following sentence: "The following additional rules for this game were adopted in a match which the writer recently played." They were adopted for a particular occasion, and the use of the bridge was permitted on that occasion by special agreement.

J. R. S., Cheroke, Butte county, Cal.—We have already said in this column that we had more than thirteen shots on hand than we can ever use.

J. R., Merfield, Conn.—In the American game, when played as a four-handed match, two against two, your partner can warn you against playing with the wrong ball, but cannot give any advice with regard to a stroke you are about to play, unless it be specially agreed upon previously that advice is admissible.

M. G., Chicago, Ill.—If a player discount another, the latter giving the former 20 points to equalize the game, the party discounted cannot, at any period of the game, take off these 20 points, but can only take off such points the player may have on his score over and above those 20.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITY MATCH.—The great billiard tournament between Oxford and Cambridge was to have taken place at St. Martin's Hall, London, during the past week. A new table was to have been put up for the occasion. The students of both Universities were, at the latest accounts, getting their hands in by playing matches among themselves for prize cues. The games to be played are a four-handed match of 700 points, and a single match for the same number of points.

THE INTERNATIONAL BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—Mr. Wilkes, who is at present in Europe, has written to his journal that he has transmitted Mr. Phelan's \$10,000 challenge to M. Berger, the French artist, and expects to have an answer from him by the next mail. Mr. Roberts, it seems, has a good will to play, but cannot get backed for a sufficiently large amount in England to make a trip to America worth his while. Mr. W. continues: "They have no fancy in this country (England) for loading a man with a thousand or two pounds sterling, and sending him three thousand miles away to bet it and play for it out of their sight. The celebrities of the English sporting world are, unfortunately, too subject to be 'squared,' i.e., bribed, to be trusted *hors de jeu* in that way. I do not think that this, however, should apply in any way to Mr. Roberts."

THE LYNCH AND SHERIFF MATCH.—A letter has been received from Mr. Seerete by the editor of *Wilkes's Spirit*, in which he says that he will play Mr. Lynch a game of 2,000 points, caroms, for \$5,000 aside, on an ordinary pocket table, and will give or take \$1,000 for Mr. Lynch's expenses in coming from California, or his own in going thither. He will not take less than \$1,000 to go to California. Our readers will recall that Mr. Lynch proposes to play a carom table, and offers Mr. Seerete \$500 for his expenses in going to California, so that, like every match in which Mr. Seerete has been talked of, a good deal of discussion would seem to be necessary. In our opinion it would be futile to discuss conditions until Mr. Seerete has covered Mr. Lynch's deposit of \$500, which is in the hands of the editor of *Wilkes's Spirit*. Though we know something of Mr. Seerete's talent in raising objections, we can scarcely think that he will make the condition of a pocket table for playing a carom game a *sine qua non* of his adhesion to the conditions of the match. A carom game is most properly played on a carom table; and if such games are played on pocket tables, it is because carom tables are not generally to be found in our American billiard-rooms.

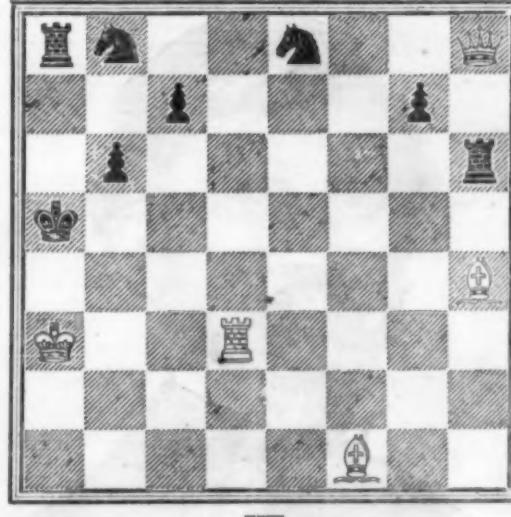
We see by a letter from Cincinnati to Mr. Wilkes that Mr. Tieman's friends are anxious to know the position Mr. Seerete will assume in this matter, as they think they have a claim to Mr. Seerete's attention prior to that of Mr. Lynch. They say they have waited with much patience for a definite answer to Mr. Tieman's propositions made last summer, and they contend that, according to every rule of propriety and courtesy, Mr. Tieman is entitled to the first consideration of the Detroit player. It will be strange indeed if Mr. Seerete does not make a match out of the chances presented to him.

CHESS

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2405, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM NO. 232.—By JOHN GARDNER, of Brooklyn. White to play and mate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

THE following game was played at Manchester, between Messrs. KIPPING and PINDAIR:

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. P.	Mr. K.	Mr. P.	Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	13 Q Kt to Q 2	P to K 6 (b)
2 Kt to B 3	Kt to Q B 3	14 K B P tks P	P to Q 6 (c)
3 B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4	15 Kt to K B 3	Kt to K 5
4 P to Q Kt 4	B tks Q Kt P	16 Q R to Q sq	P to Q 7
5 P to Q B 3	B to R 4	17 Kt tks P	Kt tks Q B P
6 P to Q 4	P tks P	18 Kt to K 4 (d)	Kt tks R
7 Castles	Kt to B 3	19 R tks Kt	Q to K B 4
8 B to Q R 3	P to Q 3	20 B tks K B P (ch)	Q tks B
9 P to K 5	Kt tks K P	21 R to Q 5 (ch)	Kt tks R
10 Kt tks Kt	P tks Kt	22 Q tks Q 5 (ch)	R to K sq
11 Q to Q Kt 8	Q to Q 2	23 Q to Q 6 (ch)	B to Q 2
12 R to Q sq (a)	P to K 5	24 Kt to Q B 5, and wins.	

(a) It appears to us that B tks K B P, followed by Q to K 5 (ch), would have been better play.

(b) A good move, played with Mr. Kipping's usual ability.

(c) P tks Q B P would have been the correct move.

(d) Very well played; after this move Black has no resource.

GAME between Mr. WERNER, of the Bradford Chess Club, and Mr. BODEN, the latter giving the odds of the Q's Rock.

(REMOVE BLACK'S Q R.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. B.	Mr. W.	Mr. B.	Mr. W.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	17 R to Q B	Q R to Q B
2 Kt to B 3	Kt to Q B 3	18 Kt to Q 4	Q to Q 2
3 B to B 4	B to B 4	19 P to K R 3	P to Q R 3
4 P to Q Kt 4	K B tks P	20 Kt to K 6	K R to K
5 P to Q B 3	B to Q R 4	21 Q tks K Kt 3	R tks Kt
6 P to Q 4	P tks Q P	22 P tks R	Q tks P
7 Castles	P to Q 3	23 P to K B 8	P to Q B 4
8 P tks P	Kt to K B 3	24 R to K	Q to Q 4
9 Q to Q R 4	K Kt tks K P	25 R to K 7	Q to K Kt 4
10 R to Q 5	K Kt tks Q B 5	26 Q tks Q P	R to K B
11 B tks Q Kt (ch)	P tks B	27 Q to K 6 (ch)	K to R
12 Kt tks Kt	B tks Kt	28 R to K B 7	R to Q
13 Q tks B P (ch)	B to Q 2	29 R tks K B P	Q to K Kt 6
14 Q tks K B	Castles	30 Q to Q 5	Q to Q B 2
15 P to Q 6	P to K 4	31 R to K B 7	B to Q B 3
16 B to Q Kt 4	P to K B 3	32 Black forced mate in five moves.	

A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

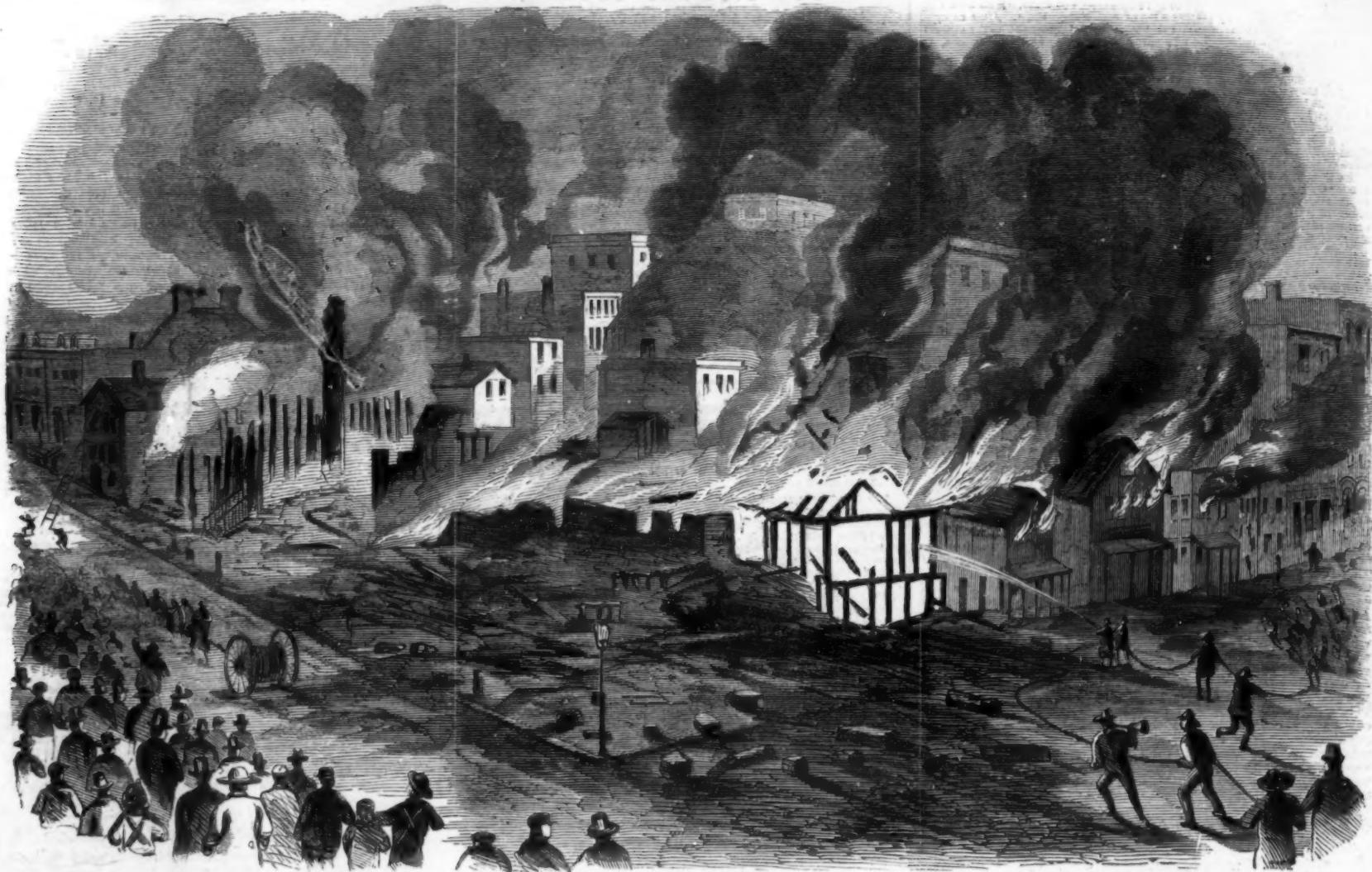
The French papers give the following recital, illustrative, as usual, of love and murder: "One Blaise, of Loungé, on returning home three evenings ago, learned that his wife had gone off with a laborer named Berrier—a man who two years back was her lover, and with whom she committed adultery, an offence for which they were both condemned. Having ascertained the direction in which they had gone, Blaise took a loaded pistol and went after them. On reaching Argentan, which he did very late at night, he was told that they had proceeded towards Trun; and after a little repose he renewed his pursuit. Before long he overtook them, and discharged his pistol at Berrier, wounding him very seriously in the back under the shoulder. Berrier, in spite of his wound, ran across the fields, but fell at a ditch; and Blaise, coming up, beat him in a savage manner with a stick. Then leaving the man on the ground he rejoined his wife, and she, singular to relate, turned back with him without troubling herself about her lover! The couple walked together to Argentan, and there the man gave himself into custody, while the woman returned home. As to Berrier, he was found dead on the spot on which Blaise had left him."

Nothing shows more thoroughly the difference of national manners than the method adopted to right these private wrongs. In England the injured man would have sued his wife's seducer—here, as in France, we take the law into our own hands.

OLYMPIE, OR THE VENUS DE BOEUF GRAS.

PARIS is the city of uncommon sensations, if not of common sense. Every roulette, artist and star of the demi-monde is discussing the last strange development. Our Paris correspondent sends us the following particulars:

"A person residing at Bourg-la-Reine, near Paris, is, it is said, of a remarkably handsome girl, whose name is Olympie; but, unfortunately, the dame at an early age went astray and abandoned her family. He sought her out and had her placed in the convent of the Dames Saint Michel, where she spent some time. Hoping she was reformed, he took her home, but six months



DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT MILWAUKEE, WHICH BROKE OUT ON THE CORNER OF WATER AND WISCONSIN STREETS, AT NOON ON THE 20TH INST., DESTROYING FIFTEEN HOUSES.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN MILWAUKEE—FIFTEEN HOUSES DESTROYED.

A most destructive fire broke out at noon on the 20th instant, at the corner of Water and Wisconsin streets, Milwaukee. It was thought at first that it could be easily subdued, but the buildings were all of wood, and although the fire engines were on the spot at the earliest possible moment, so combustible were the materials that the flames spread from house to house, until fifteen buildings were in one mass of raging flames. The fire extended from the corner of Water and Wisconsin streets to the magnificent hotel, the Newhall House, which at one time was considered to be in imminent danger. The firemen were indefatigable in their exertions; no difficulty or danger deterred them from their duty, and but for their perseverance the damage would undoubtedly have been much greater. It was a fortunate thing the fire broke out in the day time, for had it occurred in the night, such was the inflammable nature of the houses, that a fearful loss of life must have ensued.

We are greatly indebted to Louis Kars, Esq., for the admirable sketch which he furnished us so promptly.

GEORGE WILKES.

We have great pleasure in publishing to-day the only correct portrait of the editor of *Porter's Spirit of the Times* that has ever appeared. We regret that our space is too limited to afford anything but a very brief account of his life. Educated for the law, he soon engaged in journalism, and in the earlier years of the New York *Sunday Atlas* he contributed many brilliant and telling articles. He then became connected with the *National Police Gazette*, and distinguished himself by his fearless exposure of sundry wealthy and influential criminals. In 1851 he left his *Gazette*, which he had run up to a large circulation, to the editorial care of a friend, and sailed for England to be present at the World's Fair. This visit he has chronicled in a volume he published on his return, in which he has given a vivid picture of his impressions and opinions. In 1856, in conjunction with the late William T. Porter, he commenced the publication of *Porter's Spirit of the Times*. In consequence of some legal difficulty he has since established a sporting paper under the title of *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*.

He sailed, some short time ago, in the City of Manchester, to witness the great fight between Heenan and Sayers. He is about forty years of age.

APPALING CATASTROPHE AT A TENEMENT-HOUSE.

ANOTHER horrible calamity has again called the attention of our citizens to the infamous manner in which life is sacrificed by a set of cold-blooded men, who speculate in flesh and blood with all the *sang froid* of a Moloch. We have repeatedly urged upon the Legis-

lature the necessity of immediate action in this matter, but as long as profligates and socialists advocate the building of Utopian Homes and monster tenement-houses, human life must pay the penalty. The calamity which we this day illustrate is so similar in its main features to the Elm street massacre—for these are crimes not accidents—that even the details scarcely vary. About half-past one on Tuesday night, March 27th, some tenement-houses situated in Forty-fifth street, near Sixth Avenue, were discovered to be on fire, and from their being constructed of wood the whole

building was soon one mass of flame. Thirty families were confined in this blazing bastile, and the cries of the women and children for assistance were truly appalling. The scene of horror that ensued baffles description. May the death shrieks of these murdered innocents cling, like a burning curse, to the men who build and the men who own these death-traps and torture-houses for the poor! Among the bodies taken out of the ruins are Mrs. Wheeler and her four children—Bridget, aged four, Catherine, aged fourteen, Thomas, aged twelve, and an infant. Another entire family, consisting of Mrs. Bennett and three children, were burnt to death. Ten persons are known to be missing, but there may be some others whose names are at present unknown. We think it our duty to add that the odium of ownership belongs to a man of the name of Allen, and that the still deeper disgrace of planning them belongs to a Mr. Nash. How slightly these words express the full demerits of these men, we have merely to say that the building is four stories high, and is divided into four parts. Everything was of wood and highly combustible. The four houses together had seventy-five feet front, given eighteen and three-quarter feet breadth to each house, with forty-five feet deep. The hall-ways were only five feet six inches wide, including stairways, which were only about two feet wide!

The architects and owners ought to be put in the pillory. Why does not the Grocer Assurance Company try whether such a building is an insurable interest? The only way to prevent these murders is to touch the pockets of the owners, since we cannot reach their hearts.

UNKNOWN MAN FOUND DEAD IN NEW HAVEN BAY.

We publish to-day the portrait of a man found floating dead in New Haven Bay, in the hope that some of his friends recognizing our picture may be able to identify the body, and thus give some clue to the investigation. We have received the following letter, containing particulars, dated March 15, from Mr. James M. Welch, Clerk of Police, New Haven:

"Our city has been all alive with excitement for the past few days, owing to the finding of the body of an unknown person floating on the water in our harbor. From appearance, the body had been in the water but a few hours, and it is the general impression here that he was thrown into the harbor after life had become extinct.

"The body was taken to the police station, and there visited by more than five thousand persons, but no one was found who could identify it. In person he appeared to be about forty-five or fifty years old, and was dressed in black frock coat and pants; figured satin vest, small red spots; patent leather boots, with short tops; had on a pair of brown kid gloves; the only things found in his pockets were a pair of gold spectacles and a small piece of pencil; in his shirt bosom were two gold studs in glass settings; on his right little finger was a heavy gold chased ring; in height he was about five feet eight inches; had heavy



GEORGE WILKES, ESQ., EDITOR OF WILKES'S NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.



HORRIBLE SACRIFICE OF LIFE!—BURNING OF A TENEMENT-HOUSE IN FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEAR SIXTH AVENUE, ON THE MORNING OF THE 28TH INST.—TWO WOMEN AND EIGHT CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.—SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY OUR ARTIST.

black whiskers; black hair, which had been dyed; had eight artificial teeth set on two separate plates, three on the upper and five on the lower jaw, the upper are made on silver plate and the lower on gold. An inquest was held upon the body, and the Jury returned their verdict to-day that they believed he was not drowned, but that he came to his death from some cause or causes to them unknown."

THE APPALING MURDERS IN THE OYSTER SLOOP, E. A. JOHNSON.

In our last number we gave an accurate picture of the oyster sloop E. A. Johnson, whose captain and crew there is no question were foully murdered on the night of Tuesday, the 20th of March. Since then the man who was shipped as mate by the unfortunate Captain Burr has been arrested. His name is Alfred Hicks, alias E. Johnson, and he has, till the date of the murder, lived at 129 Cedar street, New York.

It will be remembered that the E. A. Johnson sloop sailed from New York on Friday, the 16th, on a voyage to Virginia, for a cargo of oysters, and that after calling at Keyport, New Jersey, to receive some money from Mr. Simmonds, the vessel proceeded on her trip. She had then on board Captain Burr, the prisoner, Johnson, alias Hicks, and two young men, brothers, Oliver and Smith Watts. On Wednesday morning, as the John A. Mather, Captain Nickerson,

was proceeding down the Bay towards the Narrows, she came in collision with the E. A. Johnson, which was then steered by a man whom Captain Nickerson thinks was this Hicks. To the indignant comments of Captain Nickerson, the man at the helm made no reply, but remained at the helm, as though nothing had happened. It struck Captain Nickerson as being extraordinary, that the collision, which was so violent that he had to return to New York and refit, should not bring any of the other hands on deck, but on his anchoring near Fulton market, he at once recognised the E. A. Johnson as the vessel that ran into his sloop, and which had that morning been found abandoned in the Lower Bay. The deck bore marks of a bloody struggle, and the cabin presented similar evidences of a life and death encounter.

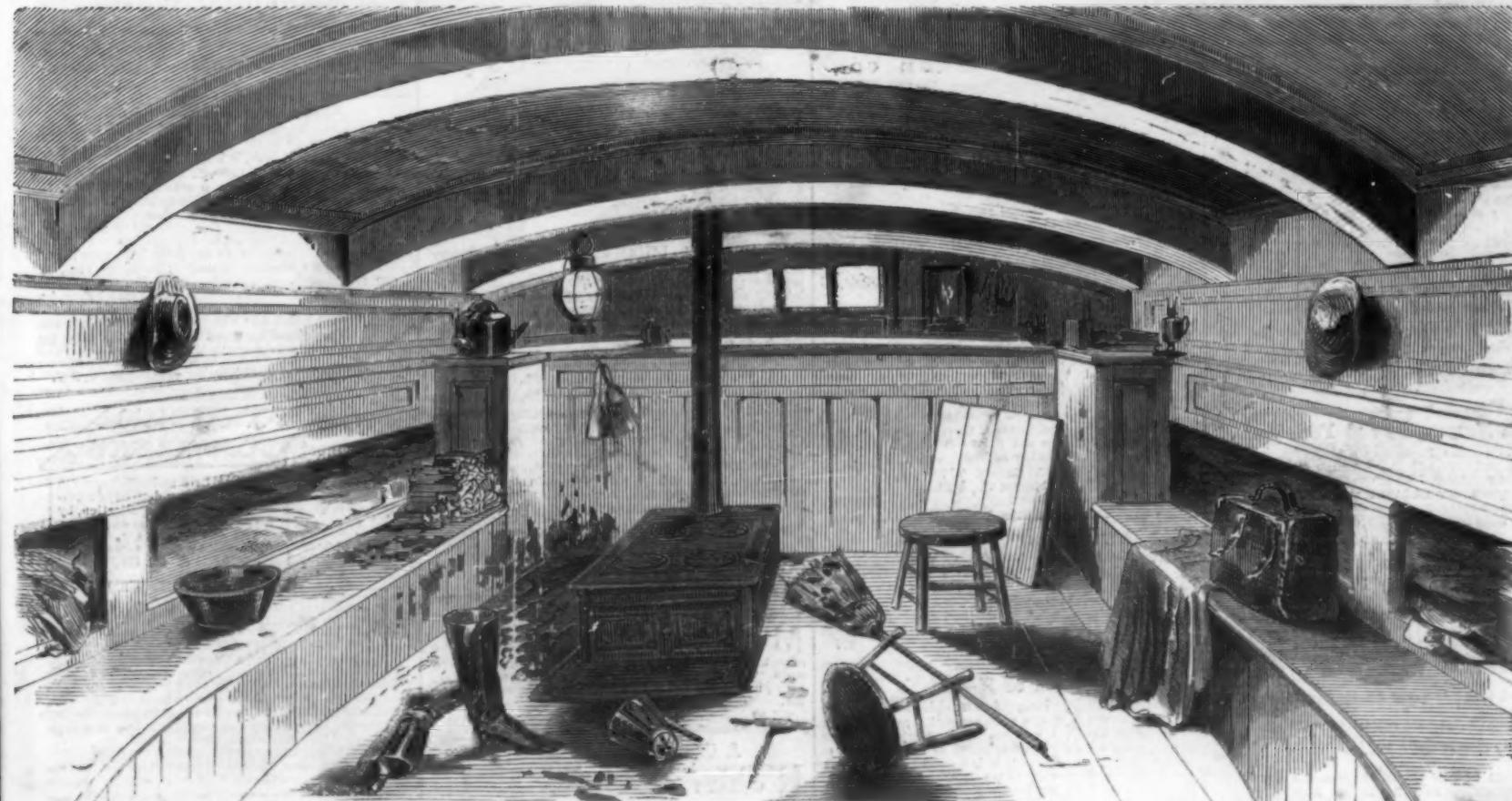
Without prejudging in the least the judicial investigation, the following facts seem to point to him with terrible significance. He is identified as being the man who shipped as mate on the vessel—although he denies ever being on board an oyster sloop in his life. The ferry-master at the Vanderbilt Landing, Staten Island, declares that he is the man who landed from a yawl on the Wednesday morning—the waiter at the saloon there also recognising him as being the same who had the refreshments—the boy who carried his bag from the South Ferry is positive as to his identity—and to crown all, the watch of the murdered man is found in his possession. It would appear that he remained the day he returned in the neighborhood of Cedar street, exhibiting his money, and spending it freely. He

then took his wife and child to Providence, Rhode Island, where he was apprehended at a retired part of that city.

His apprehension was accomplished by stratagem, the necessity of which we cannot exactly perceive. One of the officers, having ascertained who the cartman was who took his baggage, went to the house, and pretended to the landlady he had passed some bad money on him. Upon arriving at the house he was told that he was out—they therefore concluded to postpone his capture till next day, but on reflection, resolved not to delay it. At two o'clock in the morning, after having surrounded the house, they demanded admittance, and found him in bed. He was taken to the station, and brought up to New York, and lodged in the Second Ward Station. He is a muscular man of about five feet ten inches, high cheek bones, and with restless black eyes.

A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

G. H. LEWIS, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, says: "If a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if, when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although our senses can detect no difference; for if we breathe again upon it, the surface will be moist everywhere except on the spot previously sheltered by the wafer, which will now appear as a spectral image on the surface. Again and again we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral wafer reappears. This experiment succeeds after a lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper, on which a



INTERIOR OF THE CABIN OF THE OYSTER SLOOP, E. A. JOHNSON, WHERE IT IS SUPPOSED THAT THE CAPTAIN WAS MURDERED BY ALFRED HICKS, NOW CONFINED IN THE CITY PRISON TO ANSWER THE CHARGE.

ey has been laid, be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will again appear. In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectres of many different objects which may have been laid on in succession will, on warming, emerge in their proper order."

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1. THE MISERS. Engraved by H. BOUCHE, from the Picture by Quintin Matays, in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.

2. THE COW DOCTOR. Engraved by C. COOMBS, from the Picture by C. Tscheggeny, in the Royal Collection at Osborne.

3. MADONNA DI SAN SISTO. Engraved by W. HOLL, from the Picture by Raffaelle, in the Royal Gallery at Dresden.

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In your being's daily need

Are you made the only lover

Of the glorious, gallant steed?

Do you only prize his fleetness

Lightning-like along the plain—

There rejoicing in the tempest

Of his wildly-streaming mane?

Behold the eager millions

Of our own majestic race

To this miracle of Bovineur

Giving, in their households, place!

No—the Anglo-Saxon's spirit

Loves the charger strong and brave,

Strides him with a steed-armed triumph,

As the steed-ship strides the wave!

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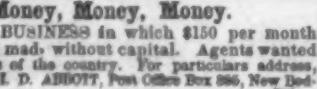
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